

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1834.

No. 97.

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THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

WE again present to our readers the fruits of another month's diligence. Like the industrious bee, we have alighted on flowers such as but few parterres produce. Yet our present number, though greatly enriched, must not be taken as a full development of our literary means; we have powerful support at hand; men who have stood aloof, and resources hitherto unattainable by public journalists.

We have gathered beneath our banners talents that have long been devoted to publications in strong political opposition to our own. Although these measures may not seem to advance our political views, we hail their success as a great and profitable inroad upon the bigotry of party spirit, tending materially to strengthen the general cause of literature, which is only yet recovering from the destructive and overwhelming effects of political excitement. Our love for the intellectual, tempts us more to climb a literary than a political eminence; but the duty of a citizen must ever teach us to stand boldly forward in stirring times. The MONTHLY MAGAZINE was founded upon the principle of political freedom and reform. We have faithfully pursued the path of its founders—eschewing the bondage of faction, but supporting to the best of our belief the cause of Truth and Liberty.

Before the next number appears, our foreign correspondence will be established. We shall then be enabled to give an original monthly communication upon the state of literature and the drama of every distinguished capital in Europe. The Notes of the Month have been a peculiar feature in this Magazine; they embrace every topic of interest; and henceforth will be characterized by an increased piquancy, and more extensive observation.

We derive an additional gratification in presenting this beautiful relic of Lord Byron's muse, by being enabled to afford an estimable contributor an opportunity to enter into a short explanation with the public; and we hope—by the favour of our communicator—to repeat the pleasure should our friendly commentator on the occasion require it,

. We confess ourselves under great obligation to the greater portion of our daily and weekly contemporaries, but we hope those who have not seen the propriety of acknowledging the extracts they have made from our columns, will turn over a new leaf with the new year, and do us justice while it lasts.

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ORIGINAL POEM BY LORD BYRON.

WITH COMMENTARY BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

1.

IN the dome of my Sires, as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

2.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days—
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays;
When the stars are on high and the dew on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

3.

And the step that o'er-echoes the gray floor of stone,
Falls sullenly now—for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

4.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline—
And the fate of my father's has faded to mine.

5.

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret—but renew them no more.

6.

And Ruin is fix'd on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall;
It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway.

Newstead, August 26, 1814.

M.M.—No. 97.

B

To the Editor of the "MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

SIR,—The accompanying verses by Lord Byron are perhaps equal to any he ever wrote. Independently of their great tenderness, there is a poetical beauty in the language at once very original and touching. Perhaps in the inspirations of occasional feeling, this great poet was more transcendently remarkable than in his more elaborate effusions. The public, I am sure, will receive the present stanzas as a relic that deserves to be enshrined with no ordinary solicitude.

In looking at my *Life* of him about this time, I find the following very singular passage:—

"Before the year (1814) was at an end, his popularity was evidently beginning to wane. *Of this he was conscious himself*, and braved the frequent attacks on his character and genius with an affectation of indifference; under which, those who had at all observed the singular associations of his recollections and ideas, must have discerned the symptoms of a strange disease. He was tainted with a Herodian malady of the mind;—his thoughts were often hateful to himself;—but there was an ecstasy in the conception, as if delight could be mingled with horror. I think, however, he struggled to master the fatality: and that his resolution to marry was dictated by an honourable desire to give hostages to society against the wild wilfulness of his imagination.

"It is a curious and a mystical fact, that at the period to which I am alluding, and a very little time—only a little month—before he successfully solicited the hand of Miss Milbanke, being at Newstead (probably at the time he wrote the verses), he fancied that he saw the ghost of the monk which is supposed to haunt the Abbey, and to make its ominous appearance when misfortune or death impends over the master of the mansion. The story of the apparition, in the sixteenth Canto of *Don Juan*, is derived from this family legend, and *Norman Abbey*, in the thirteenth of the same poem, is a rich and elaborate description of Newstead.

"After his proposal to Miss Milbanke had been accepted, a considerable time—nearly three months—elapsed before the marriage was completed, in consequence of the embarrassed condition in which, when the necessary settlements were to be made, he found his affairs. This state of things, with the previous unhappy controversy with himself, and anger at the world, was ill calculated to gladden his nuptials. But, beside these evils, his mind was awed with gloomy presentiments—a shadow of some advancing misfortune darkened his spirit, and the ceremony was performed with sacrificial feelings, and those dark and chilling circumstances which he has so touchingly described in *The Dream*. He was married on the 2nd of January, 1815."

I scarcely expected to find, in the handwriting of Byron himself, such an illustration of the justice I had done to his feelings in the above description. It gives me, however, but melancholy pleasure to find I was so correct; and it should make some of those who have attacked my biography of his lordship, a little more careful in condemning what they had no opportunity of either seeing or sifting.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN GALT.

Barn Cottage, Dec. 28, 1833.

STATE OF PARTIES.

At all times the interval between the termination of one parliamentary session, and the commencement of another, affords a suitable opportunity for inquiring into the respective weight and condition of those political parties, by which the government of this country has for years been directed, and must, in all probability be for the future greatly influenced. Such an inquiry at the present moment has more than common interest: in conducting it no source of error appears more certain than that which would flow from an attempt to judge of the future prospects of the great political bodies into which the country is divided by a reference to their present position, for that may have resulted from causes, the natural operation of which must, at no distant period, entirely change. It is the opinions of these different parties and the measures, which either from principle or policy they would effect, that in connexion with the feelings and interests of each particular class of the community, can alone enable us to judge of the relative strength and weight which each is likely to possess, when the people shall have fully brought into action the force of those privileges with which they have now began to be extensively intrusted. The extensive variety of political opinions amongst all classes consequent upon the agitation and success of the Reform Bill, still renders public opinion in some degree unsettled and inconsistent, but it must speedily merge in some general and standard deduction from the great opposing principles which are professed by Ultra Tories, Ultra Liberals, and Whigs: our present object is to examine briefly, the existing situation and future prospects of each of these parties.

At first sight, the Whigs appear to possess greater advantages, than ever before belonged to any political party. Their administration identified itself with the people by the introduction of the Reform Bill, and by that means became a national body. Popular inconstancy has always been a favourite topic of declamation, with the enemies of the democracy, but popular gratitude, although it has excited less attention, is not less remarkable, and there never was a more striking instance of it exhibited, than in the conduct of the people towards the Whigs at the general election, after the passing of the Reform Bill. Much in the ministers' conduct, during the interval between the introduction and final success of that great measure, had been calculated to excite distrust and dissatisfaction, but when the moment came in which public confidence and the gratitude of the people were to be tried, every thing was forgotten, save the signal good the ministry had done; and the only desire of the people appeared to be, to repose power in the men who had promised to regenerate the country. Many individuals attempted to prove the expediency and necessity of exacting pledges, but they spoke in vain; the new constituency disclaimed to extort what they fondly imagined would be freely given. It was in truth one of those great occasions, when the feelings of the people, always just, and noble in their

origin, overleaped the boundaries of prudence, and certainly afforded the most convincing answer to those who asserted that the people are uniformly forgetful of past favours, and willing to support only those who flatter their prejudices by maintaining the most violent popular doctrines.

But how striking is the contrast between the ardent hopes with which the people hailed the assembling of the reformed parliament, and the languid indifference with which they witnessed the termination of its first session. Already the middle and working classes, who mainly contributed to the success of the Reform Bill, are unequivocally dissatisfied with the practical results of their triumph, and are eagerly listening to those who would shew that nothing can secure to the people their just influence in the management of things, but a much more radical reform than that so recently obtained. There prevails throughout the country a restless and feverish anxiety, arising from the general conviction that we are threatened with a great internal revolution, which even if beneficial in its ultimate consequences, must be attended with incalculable evils. Those who fondly hoped that this revolution might have been averted, or at least rendered less destructive, by being made gradual in its operation by the wisdom and popularity of a reformed parliament, have yielded to despondency, nay, almost to despair, reflecting that during the short period it has lived, the new House of Commons has incurred as great a share of general odium, as ever attached to the parliaments of the old system. The increasing discontent of large masses of the population, whose external circumstances, impart a terrible energy to their political sentiments, may well fill with alarm, the most heedless or fearless, for unless some effectual means are adopted to allay this discontent, it must speedily break out in consequences, which no friend of his country can contemplate without horror. To ministers—and to the Whigs as a party, these things are most momentous. Well will it be for them and for the country, if they employ the small breathing time that is left us, in applying some remedies to evils which their errors have aggravated, and which even now perhaps might be suppressed, by a firm and decisive progress in that vital work of reform to which they once and once only addressed themselves with energy.

True, the adherents of government attempt to shew, that the reaction in the state of public opinion, is either not real, or if so, has resulted not from any just cause, but from the natural inconstancy of the public mind, which in the present case has been inflamed by radical misrepresentations. They tell us of the lengthened labours of the Reformed Commons, of numerous reductions in the public establishments, and of the settlement of great and complicated questions, on which our domestic and colonial greatness so much depended. But what avails it to dwell on these points while the fact is undeniable, that all parties are more or less dissatisfied with the proceedings of the House of Commons, and that even the moderate supporters of Ministers, rather excuse than vindicate many of their actions. No one denies that Ministers are Reformers to a certain extent; the great and general complaint is, that they shrink from reforming with that firmness, which would command the respect of

all parties, and secure the support of the great majority of the people. In some degree they appear to be ignorant of their true position: they seem to forget, often as they themselves have urged arguments founded upon similar facts, that the most ultra liberal opinions are spreading with vast rapidity and increasing force, solely because they have delayed to enforce some moderate but sincere adjustment of those interests, respecting which the wants and wishes of the people, a year back, required nothing more than the ministers led them to regard as half conceded. But the boon has been postponed, the public necessities have increased, and the measure of relief which would have answered every purpose before, will hardly now suffice.

In periods of great political excitement, public opinion is apt to run into excesses; but no serious danger will result from this natural exasperation of the public mind if by reasonable and well considered concessions, we discountenance those wild speculations which only agitate the mass of the people, when their rulers are obstinate in misgovernment.

But unpopular as the Whigs are, and much as they failed in the high and noble services which their duty opened to them, such is the state of parties, that the most zealous and intelligent friends of the popular cause feel assured, that the present cabinet, however it may admit of some partial amendment, could not as a whole be safely displaced at present. True it is, ultra liberal principles are rapidly diffusing themselves amongst the middle and trading classes, but these classes are too deeply interested in the maintenance of order, moderation, and tranquillity, to run the risk of incurring the dangers which would arise, were the government to be intrusted to the Ultras on either side. The materials for a Radical Ministry they apprehend do not exist, and a High Tory Government they know would be their worst choice of evils. Many of the present Ministers have so greatly distinguished themselves as the advocates of liberty, that it is hard to believe them hostile to that cause in the moment of its triumph. In a word, although the Whigs have lost much, they still possess a hold on the country, which were they to seek to deserve would soon enable them to regain the popularity which they have, during the last year, all but forfeited. While the parliament was sitting their incessant vacillation and trimming to the Tory Lords, was a constantly increasing source of popular discontent, but the prorogation has somewhat calmed the public excitement; it is felt that if the Whigs would reclaim their character, they more easily at least, if not better than any other set of men might save the country. Hope never deserts us let our present sufferings or past disappointments be what they may; and hence it is that we still find the community flattering itself that benefits of an enlarged and enlightened character are still in store for us at the hands of the Whig administration. In such a state of things the great danger to be apprehended, is that ministers relying upon the adventitious circumstances, from which they now derive so much advantage, may consider it safe to pursue that temporizing policy, which at another period, must have speedily dissolved their government. Their political enemies will not always treat them with a forbearance which

evidently results much more from necessity than from inclination. The neutral position which the Whigs have chosen cannot last; it has led to a melancholy compromise of principle; but it proceeds farther—it prepares the way for that dissolution, which is always the ultimate fate of a middle party in times of great political excitement. It is moreover a manifest misfortune to the Whigs, that there should be a vagueness and uncertainty in their political creed, which though it escaped observation, or at least censure during their struggle with a dominant party, is now fully seen into and as fully despised. It is this capital deficiency in their politics as a party, that imparts so lamentable a character of feebleness and indecision to their government, and explains why they are no longer supported by many deserving public men who were formerly their friends and allies. It is evident that upon those great questions of domestic policy, to which public attention is now so much directed, the Whigs hold no very distinct or decided opinions. Even common observers have remarked that their general measures are often loose and inconsistent, and thus a cold and almost reluctant support is yielded to them even by those who are friendly to the cause they are intended to promote. Such a party, at a conjuncture like the present, is compelled to resort to temporary expedients, and by thus unsettling the public mind, necessarily prepares it still more for the reception of opinions the most extreme and contradictory. It is, we suspect, scarcely possible that the Whigs can ever get rid of the great evil, which thus attaches to their party: they are we fear destined to be remembered as statesmen who, with the best intentions, were destitute of those high qualities, without which it is impossible to direct the councils of a great nation wisely and safely in periods of peculiar difficulty.

Political history affords few, if any examples, of so sudden and complete a fall, as that which the Tories, as a political party, experienced within the course of a single year. They now feel and they confess that the power which they formerly possessed, is not to be regained: nevertheless they hold and exercise a very considerable, and we might perhaps almost add, an increasing influence amongst the higher classes of society. Their views and opinions, unlike those of the Whigs, are clear, distinct, and unequivocal; they have been and still are supported by men of exalted intellect and extensive knowledge; in every prosperous country a party professing such opinions, is always sure to exist; and perhaps no question more interesting and important could be proposed for solution than to decide how far the members of that party will, in this country increase or diminish, or how soon many who now rank as Whigs will become zealous conservatives. Perhaps the clearest proof that the position which the Tories occupy as a party is not only critical, but almost desperate, lies in the fact that Sir Robert Peel, undoubtedly a man of real ability, and still greater tact, cannot, with all his ability and all his tact, maintain his ground as a leader of the Tories, and at the same time retain any influence in the House of Commons. The honorable Baronet certainly enjoys a considerable share of popularity in the House of which he was the ministerial leader, but there are no members on whose habitual support he can rely. Compelled con-

tinually addressing those who are inimical to his general principles, he naturally throws these principles somewhat out of view, and selects topics which he can discuss in a popular manner, and without exciting prejudices. The consequence is that, in proportion as he obtains influence in the House, he loses ground with his own party, who either cannot understand the peculiar position in which he is placed, or are too zealous to make allowance for the feelings of one whose political prospects have been so signally blasted. A man of greater firmness and energy would not perhaps have acted as Sir Robert Peel is now doing. To a practised statesman, however, of ordinary abilities and ordinary resolution, he will probably appear to have pursued a prudent, if not a noble line of conduct. But if the Tories as a party, have no existence in the Commons, in the Lords they muster an overwhelming majority. And this majority is not likely to be diminished, inasmuch as the people have no such facilities for infusing the influence of new opinions into the upper branch of the legislature, as frequent elections enable them to send into the Commons. Still it may be questioned whether the great strength of the Tories in the Lords is an advantage or a misfortune. Were they less numerous in that House, they could act certainly with more independence, and probably with greater effect. They have power; but when the exercise of it might have preserved their party in the State, they dared not to use it; and when, as in the Portuguese question and Lord Brougham's Local Courts Bill, it pleased them to give the country a proof what they could do, it must be admitted that they made a most injudicious choice of occasions on which to exhibit their strength. At present, every Bill rejected in the Lords is sure to be charged as an additional sin to the Tory party by those who may happen to be interested in the success of the particular measure. The dilemma to which the peers are reduced is ludicrously painful: if they do *not* act, they compromise their principles and degrade their character; while, if they do act, they exasperate the people, and add new zeal to the vivid spirit continually in action against them.

Of the Radicals as a party, it is hardly necessary to observe, that they do not as yet possess that weight which numbers and popular principles usually command. Were a census taken of the politics of the community, there can be no doubt but that a decided majority would be found to entertain Radical opinions; at the same time this majority would be found greatly divided in itself as to the extent to which Reform should be carried in Church and State. Were the aim of this party clearly defined, and its means well organized,—were it led by a statesman capable of directing the energies of a great people, it would be irresistible. The rapid progress and commanding influence of public opinion, the financial embarrassments of the country, the dissatisfaction of all classes with their existing situation, the bigotry and obstinacy of the Tories, and the weakness and indecision of the Whigs—all seem to conspire to prepare the way for the final triumph of Radicalism. Unquestionably, many of those who now lean to democratic opinions would stoutly deny the imputation of Radicalism. Old prejudices attach to the name, which are offensive to delicate ears; but this is of little moment, for the individuals here

alluded to are daily becoming more wedded to those sentiments by which Radicalism is chiefly distinguished. The public mind is unsettled; every man has his own set of political opinions resulting from his outward situation and peculiar thoughts and feelings; but still the current popular opinions proceed decidedly and strikingly upon the principle that the will of the people ought to be the supreme law in the administration of government; and there is no Radical who does not claim this doctrine as the first, the most natural, and imperative principle of his political creed.

From this exposition of the state of parties, it may be deduced, that for the future the contest for political power must chiefly lie between the Whigs and the Radicals. While the Whigs incline to some kind of *juste-milieu*, which does not admit of a very accurate definition, the Radicals claim for the whole community unlimited political power, and for each individual the utmost degree of liberty compatible with the general welfare. The majority of the people are, therefore, always likely to support Radical opinions. But popularity alone cannot at present command place and power in England: the authority of long-established institutions; the great wealth of the aristocracy; the dread of unhinging the government, and throwing all things into confusion, will keep the Radicals out of office for some time to come. Their direct influence, however, upon government must be great; and this the more particularly, as the policy of the present Cabinet seems to be to resist the impulse of public opinion up to a certain degree, but to yield to it when the pressure becomes strong and formidable. Under these circumstances, it behoves the people to keep a vigilant eye upon their representatives; for much good will quickly accrue to the country if the public voice be fairly echoed in the House of Commons. That voice must be obeyed! We trust we shall hear it often loud but not wild, strong but not impassioned, deliberate but not unwise; and then the confusion of all parties to make room for a consolidated regeneration of the whole country will be the glorious achievement of the people themselves!

SONNET.

[BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.]

TO THOMAS WARTON.

POET of Wynslade! in thy pastoral strains
 The calm contentment of a gleamy mind
 Throws forth its spells with moral plaintiveness,
 To soothe the heart, and purify the thought!
 For simple rural imagery there reigns
 A charm, which on an intellect refin'd
 A half-celestial pleasure can impress,
 By no alloy, or after-sinking, bought.
 Thy contemplative spirit lov'd to sit
 In deep repose half-dreaming, while thine eye
 Por'd on mead, hill, and wood, and would not quit
 For marble halls and rooms of tapestry,
 The silence, and the ideal range, untied
 By Fashion's folly and by purse-proud Pride.

MRS. JOSEPH PORTER, ' OVER THE WAY.'

Most extensive were the preparations at Rose Villa, Clapham Rise, in the occupation of Mr. Gattleton (a stock-broker in especially comfortable circumstances), and great was the anxiety of Mr. Gattleton's interesting family, as the day fixed for the representation of the Private Play, which had been "many months in preparation," approached. The whole family was infected with the mania for Private Theatricals; the house, usually so clean and tidy, was, to use Mr. Gattleton's expressive description "regularly turned out o' windows;" the large dining-room, dismantled of its furniture and ornaments, presented a strange jumble of flats, flies, wings, lamps, bridges, clouds, thunder and lightning, festoons and flowers, daggers and foil, and all the other messes which in theatrical slang are included under the comprehensive name of "properties." The bedrooms were crowded with scenery, the kitchen was occupied by carpenters. Rehearsals took place every other night in the drawing-room, and every sofa in the house was more or less damaged by the perseverance and spirit with which Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and Miss Lucina, rehearsed the smothering scene in "Othello"—it having been determined that that tragedy should form the first portion of the evening's entertainments.

"When we're a *leetle* more perfect, I think it will go off admirably," said Mr. Sempronius, addressing his *corps dramatique*, at the conclusion of the hundred and fiftieth rehearsal. In consideration of his sustaining the trifling inconvenience of bearing all the expenses of the play, Mr. Sempronius had been in the most handsome manner unanimously elected stage-manager.—"Evans," continued Mr. Gattleton, jun., addressing a tall, thin, pale young gentleman, with extensive whiskers—"Evans, upon my word you play *Roderigo* beautifully."

"Beautifully!" echoed the three Miss Gattletons; for Mr. Evans was pronounced by all his lady-friends to be "quite a dear." He looked so interesting and had such lovely whiskers, to say nothing of his talent in albums and playing the flute! The interesting *Roderigo* simpered and bowed.

"But I think," added the manager, "you are hardly perfect in the—fall—in the fencing-scene, where you are—you understand?"

"It's very difficult," said Mr. Evans, thoughtfully; "I've fallen about a good deal in our counting-house lately for practice; only it hurts one so. Being obliged to fall backwards, you see, it bruises one's head a good deal."

"But you must take care you don't knock a wing down," said Mr. Gattleton, sen., who had been appointed prompter, and who took as much interest in the play as the youngest of the company. "The stage is very narrow, you know."

"Oh! don't be afraid," said Mr. Evans, with a very self-satisfied air; "I shall fall with my head 'off,' and then I can't do any harm."

"But, egad!" said the manager, rubbing his hands, "we shall

make a decided hit in 'Masaniello.' Harfield sings that music admirably."

Every body echoed the sentiment. Mr. Harfield smiled, and looked foolish,—not an unusual thing with him—hummed "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," and blushed as red as the fisherman's night-cap he was trying on.

"Let's see," resumed the manager, telling the number on his fingers, we shall have three dancing female peasants, besides *Fenella*, and four fishermen. Then there's our man Tom, he can have a pair of ducks of mine, and a check-shirt of Bob's, and a red night-cap, and he'll do for another—that's five. In the chorusses, of course, we can all sing at the sides, and in the market-scene we can walk about in cloaks and things. When the revolt takes place, Tom must keep rushing in on one side and out at the other, with a pick-axe, as fast as he can. The effect will be electrical; 'twill look just as if there were a great number of 'em: and in the eruption scene we must burn the red fire, and upset the tea-trays, and hallo and make all sorts of noises—and it's sure to do."

"Sure! sure!" cried all the performers *unâ voce*—and away hurried Mr. Sempronius Gattleton to wash the burnt cork off his face, and superintend the "setting up" of some of the amateur painted and never-sufficiently-to-be-admired scenery.

Mrs. Gattleton was a kind, good-tempered, vulgar old soul, exceedingly fond of her husband and children, and entertaining only three dislikes. In the first place, she had a natural antipathy to any body else's unmarried daughters; in the second, she was in bodily fear of any thing in the shape of ridicule; and, lastly—almost a necessary consequence of this feeling—she regarded with feelings of the utmost horror "Mrs. Joseph Porter, over the way." However, the good folks of Clapham and its vicinity stood very much in awe of scandal and sarcasm; and thus Mrs. Joseph Porter was courted, and flattered, and caressed, and invited, for very much the same reason that a poor author without a farthing in his pocket behaves with the most extraordinary civility to a two-penny postman.

"Never mind, Ma," said Miss Emma Porter, in colloquy with her respected relative, and trying to look unconcerned; "if they had invited me, you know that neither you nor Pa would have allowed me to take part in such an exhibition."

"Just what I should have thought from your high sense of propriety," returned the mother. "I am glad to see, Emma, you know how to designate the proceeding." Miss P., by-the-by, had only the week before made an "exhibition" of herself for four days, behind a counter at a fancy fair, to all and every of his Majesty's liege subjects who were disposed to pay a shilling each for the privilege of seeing some four dozen girls flirting with strangers, and playing at shop.

"There!" said Mrs. Porter, looking out of the window; "there are two rounds of beef and a ham going in, clearly for sandwiches; and Thomas, the pastry-cook, says there have been twelve dozen tarts ordered, besides blanc-mange and jellies. Upon my word! think of the Miss Gatteletons in fancy dresses, too!"

"Oh, it's too ridiculous," said Miss Porter, with a sort of hysterical chuckle.

"I'll manage to put them a little out of conceit with the business, however," said Mrs. Porter; and out she went on her charitable errand.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Gattleton," said Mrs. Joseph Porter—after they had been closeted for some time, and when, by dint of indefatigable pumping, she had managed to extract all the news about the play;—"well, my dear, people may say what they please; indeed, we know they will, for some folks are *so* ill-natured.—Ah, my dear Miss Lucina, how dy'e do—I was just telling your mama that I have heard it said, that——"

"What?" inquired the *Desdemona*.

"Mrs. Porter is alluding to the play, my dear," said Mrs. Gattleton; "she was, I am sorry to say, just informing me that——"

"Oh, now, pray don't mention it," interrupted Mrs. Porter; "it's most absurd—quite as absurd as young what's-his-name saying he wondered how Miss Caroline, with such a foot and ankle, could have the vanity to play *Fenella*."

"Highly impertinent, whoever said it," said Mrs. Gattleton, bridling up.

"Certainly, my dear," chimed in the delighted Mrs. Porter; "most undoubtedly. Because, as I said, if Miss Caroline *does* play *Fenella*, it doesn't follow, as a matter of course, that she should think she has a pretty foot; and then such puppies as these young men are; he had the impudence to say, that——"

How far the amiable Mrs. Porter might have succeeded in her pleasant purpose it is impossible to say, had not the entrance of Mr. Thomas Balderstone, Mrs. Gattleton's brother, familiarly called in the family "Uncle Tom," changed the course of conversation, and suggested to her mind an excellent plan of operation on the evening of the play.

Uncle Tom was very rich, and exceedingly fond of his nephews and nieces; as a matter of course, therefore, he was an object of great importance in his own family. He was one of the best-hearted men in existence; always in a good temper, and always talking. It was his boast that he wore top-boots on all occasions, and had never mounted a black silk neck-kerchief; and it was his pride, that he remembered all the principal plays of Shakspeare from beginning to end—and so he did. The result of this parrot-like accomplishment was, that he was not only perpetually quoting himself, but that he could never sit by and hear a mis-quotation from "The Swan of Avon," without setting the unfortunate delinquent right. He was also something of a wag: never missed an opportunity of saying what he considered a good thing, and invariably laughed till he cried at anything that appeared to him mirth-moving or ridiculous.

"Well, girls, well," said Uncle Tom, after the preparatory ceremony of kissing and how-dy'e-doing had been gone through—"how dy'e get on?—Know your parts, eh?—Lucina, my dear,

act 2, scene 1—place, left—cue—'Unknown fate,'—What's next, ha?—Go on—'The heavens—'

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lucina, "I recollect—

" 'The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow.' "

"Make a pause here and there," said the old gentleman, who was a great critic in his own estimation. 'But that our loves and comforts should increase'—emphasis on the last syllable, 'crease,' loud 'even'—one, two, three, four; then loud again, 'as our days do grow;' emphasis on *days*. That's the way, my dear; trust to your uncle for emphasis.—Ah! Sem, my boy, how are you?"

"Very well, thank'y'e uncle," returned Mr. Sempronius, who had just appeared, looking something like a ring-dove, with a small circle round each eye, the result of his constant corking. "Of course we see you on Thursday."

"Of course, of course, my dear boy."

"What a pity it is, your nephew didn't think of making you prompter, Mr. Balderstone," whispered Mrs. Joseph Porter; "you would have been invaluable."

"Well, I flatter myself, I *should* have been tolerably up to the thing," responded Uncle Tom.

"I must bespeak sitting next you on the night," resumed Mrs. Porter; "and then, if our dear young friends here should be at all wrong, you will be able to enlighten me. I shall be *so* interested."

"I am sure I shall be most happy to give you any assistance in my power, mem."

"Mind, it's a bargain."

"Certainly."

"I don't know how it is," said Mrs. Gattleton to her daughters, as they were sitting round the fire in the evening, looking over their parts, "but I really very much wish Mrs. Joseph Porter wasn't coming on Thursday. I am sure she's scheming something."

"She can't make us ridiculous, however," observed Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, haughtily.

The long-looked for Thursday arrived in due course, and brought with it, as Mr. Gattleton, senior, philosophically observed, "no disappointments, to speak of." True, it was yet a matter of doubt whether *Cassio* would be enabled to get into the dress which had been sent for him from the masquerade warehouse. It was equally uncertain whether the principal female singer would be sufficiently recovered from the influenza to make her appearance; Mr. Harfield, the Masaniello of the night, was hoarse, and rather unwell, in consequence of the great quantity of lemon and sugar-candy he had eaten to improve his voice; and two flutes and a violoncello had pleaded severe colds. What of that? the audience were all coming. Every body knew his part; the dresses were covered with tinsel and span-gles; the white plumes looked beautiful; Mr. Evans had practised falling, till he was bruised from head to foot, and quite perfect; and

Iago was quite sure that, in the stabbing scene, he should make "a decided hit." A self-taught deaf gentleman, who had kindly offered to bring his flute, would be a most valuable addition to the orchestra; Miss Jenkins' talent for the piano was too well known to be doubted for an instant; Mr. Cape had practised the violin accompaniment with her frequently and Mr. Brown, who had kindly undertaken, at a few hours' notice, to bring his violoncello, would, no doubt, manage extremely well. Seven o'clock came, and so did the audience; all the rank and fashion of Clapham and its vicinity was fast filling the theatre. There were the Smiths, the Stubbs's, the Halfpennys, the Gubbins's, the Nixons, the Dixons, the Hicksons, people with all sorts of names, two aldermen, a sheriff in perspective, Sir Thomas Glumper (who had been knighted in the last reign for carrying up an address on somebody's escaping from something); and last, not least, there were Mrs. Joseph Porter and Uncle Tom, seated in the centre of the third row from the stage; Mrs. P. amusing Uncle Tom with all sorts of stories, and Uncle Tom amusing every one else by laughing most immoderately.

Ting, ting, ting! went the prompter's bell at eight o'clock precisely; and dash went the orchestra into the overture to "*The Men of Prometheus*." The pianoforte player hammered away with the most laudable perseverance; and the violoncello, which struck in at intervals, "sounded very well, considering." The unfortunate individual, however, who had undertaken to play the flute accompaniment "at sight," found, from fatal experience, the perfect truth of the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind;" for being very near-sighted, and being placed at at considerable distance from his music-book, all he had an opportunity of doing was to play a bar now and then in the wrong place, and put the other performers out. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Brown to say that he did this to admiration. The overture, in fact, was not unlike a race between the different instruments; the piano came in first by several bars, and the violoncello next, quite distancing the poor flute; for the deaf gentleman *too-too'd* away, quite unconscious that he was at all wrong, until apprised, by the applause of the audience, that the overture was concluded. A considerable bustle and shuffling of feet was then heard upon the stage, accompanied by whispers of, "Here's a pretty go!—what's to be done?" &c. The audience applauded again, by way of raising the spirits of the performers; and then Mr. Sempronius desired the prompter, in a very audible voice, to "clear the stage, and ring up."

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. Every body sat down; the curtain shook, rose sufficiently high to display several pair of yellow boots paddling about, and there it remained.

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. The curtain was violently convulsed, but rose no higher; the audience tittered; Mrs. Porter looked at Uncle Tom, and Uncle Tom looked at every body, rubbing his hands, and laughing with perfect rapture. After as much ringing with the little bell as a muffin boy would make in going down a tolerably long street, and a vast deal of whispering, hammering, and calling for nails and cord, the curtain at length rose, and discovered

Mr. Sempronius Gattleton *solus*, and decked for *Othello*. After three distinct rounds of applause, during which Mr. Sempronius applied his right hand to his left breast, and bowed in the most approved manner, the manager advanced, and said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you it is with sincere regret, that I regret to be compelled to inform you, that *Iago*, who was to have played Mr. Wilson—I beg your pardon, Ladies and Gentlemen; but I am naturally somewhat agitated (applause)—I mean, Mr. Wilson, who was to have played *Iago*, is—that is, has been—or, in other words, Ladies and Gentlemen, the fact is, that I have just received a note, in which I am informed that *Iago* is unavoidably detained at the Post-office this evening. Under these circumstances, I trust—a—a—amateur performance—a—another gentleman undertaken to read the part—request indulgence for a short time—courtesy and kindness of a British audience."—(Overwhelming applause). Exit Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and curtain falls.

The audience were, of course, exceedingly good humoured; the whole business was a joke; and accordingly they waited for an hour with the utmost patience, being enlivened by an interlude of rout-cakes and lemonade. It appeared by Mr. Sempronius's subsequent explanation, that the delay would not have been so great, had it not so happened that when the substitute *Iago* had finished dressing, and just as the play was on the point of commencing, the original *Iago* unexpectedly arrived. The former was, therefore, compelled to undress, and the latter to dress for his part, which, as he found some difficulty in getting into his clothes, occupied no inconsiderable time. At last the tragedy began in earnest. It went off well enough, until the third scene of the first act, in which *Othello* addresses the Senate, the only remarkable circumstance being, that as *Iago* could not get on any of the stage boots, in consequence of his feet being violently swelled with the heat and excitement, he was under the necessity of playing the part in a pair of common hessians, which contrasted rather oddly with his richly embroidered pantaloons. When *Othello* started with his address to the Senate (whose dignity was represented by, the *Duke*, a carpenter; two men, engaged on the recommendation of the gardener; and a boy); Mrs. Porter found the opportunity she so anxiously sought.

Mr. Sempronius proceeded—

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true;—rude am I in my speech—"

"Is that right?" whispered Mrs. Porter to Uncle Tom.

"No."

"Tell him so, then."

"I will.—Sem!" called out Uncle Tom, "that's wrong, my boy."

"What's wrong, Uncle?" demanded *Othello*, quite forgetting the dignity of his situation.

"You've left out something. 'True I have married——'"

"Oh, ah!" said Mr. Sempronius, endeavouring to hide his con-

fusion as much and as ineffectually as the audience attempted to conceal their half-suppressed tittering, by coughing with the most extraordinary violence—

——— “ ‘ true I have married her :—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent ; no more.’ ”

(*Aside*). “ Why don’t you prompt, father ? ”

“ Because I’ve mislaid my spectacles,” said poor Mr. Gattleton, almost dead with the heat and bustle.

“ There, now, it’s ‘ rude am I,’ said Uncle Tom.”

“ Yes, I know it is,” returned the unfortunate manager, proceeding with his part.

It would be useless and tiresome to quote the number of instances in which Uncle Tom, now completely in his element, and instigated by the mischievous Mrs. Porter, corrected the mistakes of the performers ; suffice it to say, that having once mounted his hobby, nothing could induce him to dismount ; so, during the whole of the remainder of the play, he performed a sort of running accompaniment, by muttering every body’s part, as it was being delivered, in an under tone. The audience were highly amused, Mrs. Porter delighted, the performers embarrassed ; Uncle Tom never was better pleased in his life ; and Uncle Tom’s nephews and nieces had never, although the declared heirs to his large property, so heartily wished him gathered to his fathers as on that memorable occasion. Several other minor causes, too, united to damp the ardour of the *dramatis personæ*. None of the performers could walk in their tights, or move their arms in their jackets ; the pantaloons were too small, the boots too large, and the swords of all shapes and sizes. Mr. Evans, naturally too tall for the scenery, wore a black velvet hat with immense white plumes, the glory of which was lost in “ the flies ; ” and the only other inconvenience of which was, that when it was off his head he could not put it on, and when it was on he couldn’t take it off. Notwithstanding all his practice, too, he fell with his head and shoulders as neatly through one of the side scenes, as a harlequin would jump through a pannel in a Christmas pantomime. The pianoforte player, overpowered by the extreme heat of the room, fainted away at the commencement of the entertainments, leaving the music of “ Masaniello ” to the flute and violoncello. The orchestra complained that Mr. Harfield put them out, and Mr. Harfield declared that the orchestra prevented his singing at all. The fishermen, who were hired for the occasion, revolted to the very life, positively refusing to play without an increased allowance of spirits ; and their demand being complied with, they got drunk in the eruption scene as naturally as possible. The red fire which was burnt at the conclusion of the second act not only nearly suffocated the audience, but they narrowly escaped setting the house on fire ; as it was, the remainder of the piece was acted in a thick fog. In short, the whole affair was, as Mrs. Joseph Porter triumphantly told every body, “ a complete failure.” The audience went home at four o’clock in the morning, exhausted with laughter, suffering from severe headaches,

and smelling terribly of brimstone and gunpowder. The Messrs. Gattleton, senior and junior, retired to rest with a vague idea of emigrating to Swan River early in the ensuing week.

Rose Villa has once again resumed its wonted appearance: the dining-room furniture has been replaced; the tables are as nicely polished as formerly; the horse-hair chairs are ranged against the wall as regularly as ever; and Venetian blinds have been fitted to every window in the house, to intercept the prying gaze of Mrs. Joseph Porter. The subject of theatricals is now never mentioned in the Gattleton family, unless, indeed by Uncle Tom, who cannot refrain from sometimes expressing his surprise and regret at finding that his nephews and nieces appear to have lost the relish they once possessed for the beauties of Shakspeare and quotations from the works of the immortal bard.

THE PLAGUE OF THE HAIL.

BY JOHN GALT.

“And Moses stretched forth his rod toward Heaven, and the Lord rained hail upon the land of Egypt.” Exodus.

’Twas setting sun;

THE cloudless golden horizontal light
Brightened the Memphian domes.—Glittering afar
The mountain pyramids in ether shone;
The Nile below with many a painted sail
Like rippling amber flowed. The air breathed peace—
When suddenly, without portent or sign,
As if the crystal firmament were crush’d,
And the bright fragments flung in anger down,
Fell the miraculous hail.—Storms rush’d abroad;
Clouds black and thick, like shreds of elder night,
Convulsed the sky, and ceaseless thunder rolled;
The fiery wings of God’s dread ministers,
That lavish’d round the hurtling indignation,
Their inextinguishable lightning glanced.
Thrice the diurnal lapse of mortal time,
And thrice again, with deep’ning furor fell
The irresistible hail.—The woods were crushed,
And all with life within its order’d scope
Were battered dead. The old emblazonries
Of storied temples and mysterious towers
Were worn away, or roughly broke and scarred.
At length another interval of light,
Marking the seventh and tremendous day
Of wrath accelerating, wilder rose.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

“ Nous prendrons d'abord Constantinople, et nous nous Moquerons après du reste de l'Europe.—BARON STROGONOFF.”

ANOTHER year has rolled away, the last we fear of that long interval of peace which has prevailed ever since the star of Napoleon sunk upon the “king making field” of Waterloo. At the earliest dawn of 1834, the aspect of our political horizon is marked by all those fiery portents which in the natural world are the harbingers of an approaching hurricane. The Turkish empire is at its last gasp—and though, on the score of humanity and morality, its downfall will excite no sympathy, yet its final dissolution at this moment, viewed as a political event, is pregnant with fearful consequences; for the nations of western Europe has more real danger to apprehend from it than ever they had from that spirit of conquest and fiery energy that marked its meridian height.

Months ago we proclaimed that, before the Turkish question, every other of our foreign policy sunk into absolute insignificance; threatening as it does to reconstruct the geography of the East upon a new basis, not only fatal to the vital interests of this country, but to those of every other state in Europe, Russia excepted. In fact, the ambitious designs of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, their gigantic views of territorial aggrandizement in the East, have long been the *Delenda est Carthago* of our foreign policy. And now, if coming events do cast their shadows before them, it would appear from the note of warlike preparation ringing through our arsenals and our dock-yards, that Ministers have at length awoke from their long trance; and viewing the impending danger in its true colours, and to its full extent, have at last resolved to extend the protecting ægis of England over the prostrate Ottoman. Happy would it have been for this country had this tardy resolution been taken twelve months ago; for now, to retrieve the errors of our bungling policy it may cost the nation torrents of blood—millions of treasure. Exclusively occupied with those great measures of internal reform and social reorganization that have distinguished their administration, our foreign policy has been singularly neglected. Patient endurance has assumed the character of abject pusillanimity; moderation has been mistaken for downright impuissance, till our remonstrances are treated with undisguised contumely and derision, and our once all-potent political influence has dwindled away to an absolute nullity. Such are the results of that *pàix à tout prix* system which has rendered us the laughing-stock of all Europe, and entailed upon the nation, at the eleventh hour, the stern necessity of a war;—for even supposing that the efforts of diplomacy may yet adjourn for a time the advent of a collision between this country and Russia, sooner or later come it must; and if war be inevitable,—if the vital interests of the country inevitably call for an appeal to the sword, the longer we defer the moment, the less probable will be our chances of success. We are

well aware, that among a very numerous class of politicians in this country, it is blindly imagined that a mere demonstration on the part of Great Britain will scare the Russian from his prey—and their theory is based upon the popular fallacy that by damming up the only two outlets Russia possesses for her commerce, we can at any time stir up discontent and revolt in every one of her provinces. Never did a nation foster a more fatal delusion than this—one to which even the Leviathan of the press only so lately as the last week gave a place in its columns. If this were done with the laudable intention of preventing a panic in the money market, and that consequent rapid decline in all our public securities that would inevitably follow the certainty of an approaching war, it was worthy of that consummate skill and sagacity which so eminently distinguishes the administration of that paper; but if, on the other hand, it were written with an intimate conviction of the correctness of such a view of the question, it betrays a gross ignorance of the views and feelings of the Russian nation, and of its power and resources, too, that we did not expect to find in a paper that arrogates to itself the title of the “leading journal of Europe.” It is by timely foreseeing an impending danger that its consequences are to be averted. Let Ministers, therefore, be prepared for the worst; for if they think by a mere demonstration to overawe the cabinet of St. Petersburg, they may save the nation the expense, and themselves the ridicule, of making it;—for as well might our Foreign Secretary attempt to arrest with the palm of his hand the descending waters of Niagara, as to check the onward roll of Russian ambition by the miserable tactique of a mere military demonstration. In advancing this much, we seek not to magnify the power and resources of the Russian empire—neither, on the other hand, are we disposed to underrate them: this would be inculcating a fatal error. “*Nec Timere, nec Spernere*” is a salutary maxim both in war and in politics.

By carrying into execution the designs of the great Catherine, it must be recollected that her grandson Nicholas will not only consult his own glory, but advance the interests of his people; he will consummate a policy which has come down recommended to him by every great name that Russia has ever produced. From the White Sea to the Black, from the shores of the Baltic to those of the distant Pacific, there is upon this point but one universal feeling among every class of his subjects. Constantinople to the Russian is the Land of Promise even in perspective; the conquest of the ancient Byzantium gilds the ambitious visions of the army, gratifies the pride of the noblesse, largely administers to the pious aspirations of the clergy, lightens the chain of the serf, solaces the dreary existence of the Siberian exile—while to be buried on the road leading to it robs even the grim tyrant death of its terrors.*

To propagate such a doctrine is, as we said before, to foster an illusion calculated to inspire an overweening confidence in the nation, and to lull it into a belied security—fatal to its best interests. No!

* A Roman general officer who died at Adrianople left orders for his body to be buried on the road leading to Constantinople.

when the reasonable moment for seizing Constantinople shall have arrived, the Emperor Nicholas will not hesitate to unsheath the sword, and tempt the untried chance of war, the object of which will be to secure a position that will put it out of the power of this or any other country to trouble the internal tranquillity of his empire by damming up the outlets of its commerce. It will be needless here to review the past, and to point out by what means Russia has, during the course of the last half century, been advancing towards the consummation of her darling projects. When the victorious Potemkin, to flatter his imperial mistress, placed over the western gate of Cherson the inscription, "This is the road to Constantinople," it sufficiently indicated those ulterior views which the blind fatuity of the other powers of Europe, and a concatenation of favourable circumstances, have so accelerated in their development, that they have constantly advanced even when appearing to recede. The once formidable Ottoman now lies prostrate at the feet of her crafty rival, like a lion in the toils of the hunter. In his hour of need the unfortunate sultan applied to this country for assistance; for, without ever having studied Montesquieu, it required no great effort of intellect to perceive the interest England has in the preservation of his empire. His application was refused, and what was the consequence? Why, surrounded by ignorant and corrupt councillors, deprived of the advice of a single man of honesty or talent, exposed to the deadly hatred of a people with whose prejudices and customs he has so wantonly sported, troubled by unceasing revolts, with a disorganized army, without a single principle of reorganization in its ranks, with a navy undeserving the name, with a victorious Egyptian army within sixty leagues of his capital, the Sultan Mahmoud, to preserve at once his throne and his life, had but one alternative left—that of throwing himself into the arms of his hereditary foes, the Russians. When the future historian shall review our policy towards Turkey from the "untoward event" of Navarino down to the present moment—when, in a nation so proverbially alive to her own interests, he beholds such a blind fatuity, such monstrous disregard of the simplest suggestions of prudence, well may he exclaim,

"Quam Jupiter vult perdere priusquam dementat ;"

for never was there an occasion for so appropriate an application of the adage. How miserably, in fact, does it contrast with that of Russia, which, with consummate skill and sagacity, has availed itself of every circumstance that could accelerate her gigantic views of political aggrandizement !

When the elder branch of the Bourbons were hurled from the throne of France by the political earthquake in 1830, the cabinet of St Petersburg immediately perceived the favourable opportunity that event would afford her for consummating those designs of grasping ambition which have become her hereditary policy. Hence her *apparent* eagerness to rush into a crusade against the liberals of the age. Not that it would matter a whit to Russia for what principles the sword were unsheathed, provided only that the flames of war were once kindled. But a war of principles, above all others, would, just

now, the best suit her purpose ; the brunt of which, she well knows, would, from their positions, fall upon England and France on one side, Austria and Prussia on the other. Could she, therefore, only succeed in embroiling these powers—could she only see them exhausting their energies and their resources in the defence of liberty or of legitimacy, then, unopposed, she might hope to consummate the conquest of European Turkey. But in embroiling Europe she has not yet succeeded ; it was therefore necessary to secure the co-operation of the only power whose hostility she feared. This power was Austria ; the one, above all others in Europe, who has the greatest interest in the preservation of the Turkish empire, and who, by her geographical position, could the most effectually oppose the designs of Russia. To achieve this the crafty Russian skillfully exorcised the demon of liberalism, appealed at once to the fears, and calmed the jealousy of the stolid Austria. Thus, Russian intrigue was at the bottom of the *emeute* at Frankfort ; Russian gold concocted the Piedmont conspiracy ; Russian agents may be found even in the ranks of *La Giovane Italia* ; but effectually terrified as is the Emperor Francis by the phantom of a republican *propaganda*, Nicholas still dreaded the machinations of the arch Metternich, who had, for some time past, been watching, with a foreboding eye, the Russian serpent gradually coiling round the eastern frontiers of his master's empire. Metternich was to be gained, at all hazards ; and this was the real motive of the interview which took place between the Russian and Austrian emperors in the course of last autumn. Has, then, the crafty czar attained his object?—has Metternich again become a pensioner of Russia?—have, during the morning drives of the two sovereigns at Munchen-Gratz, the ambitious projects of the great Catherine and Joseph the Second again been revived?—has the imbecile Francis, terrified by the phantom of liberalism, or lured by the miserable hound's portion which his brother despot will throw to him on the partition of the Turkish empire, forgotten the words of his sagacious uncle,—“*Que ferons nous de Constantinople.*”—What, to pursue our questions still further, we would ask of this imperial dotard, is to become of the Danube, that conducting artery of the Austrian empire, when the Black Sea is a Russian lake, and Constantinople a Russian city?—will his hold upon Italy be lightened when the Russians are in Epirus? Is there no man in his empire bold enough to ring in his ears the words of Napoleon, on the ocean rock of his exile,—“*L'Autriche est dans un peril le plus eminent, se laissant complaisamment embrasser en front par un Collosse, quand elle n'avait pas a reculer d'un pas ; car sur ses derrieres et sur ses flancs elle n'avait que des abimes.*”—Prophetic words ! for how long will she retain the allegiance of her Slavonian and Hungarian provinces, when brought into immediate contact with a nation, between whom and themselves there is identity, of origin, language and creed ?

Monstrous, then, as it may appear, that Russia has secured the co-operation of Austria in her views upon Turkey, rests on something more than mere conjecture. Since the conference at Munchen-Gratz, the Russian armies in the southern provinces of her empire have been

strongly reinforced, notwithstanding the dreadful famine by which they have been devastated. Since that period, the greatest activity has prevailed in the ports of the Black Sea. Since that period, she has haughtily refused to modify that article, in her recent treaty with the Porte, which closes the Dardanelles to ships of war of every power but her own; and now we hear of a mighty armament on the point of sailing from Sebastopol, on the object of which there cannot be two opinions.

But blinded as Austria is to her true interests, we are happy to perceive that the governments of England and of France are at length aroused to a sense of the impending danger.

The preparations now making at our outports, and likewise at Toulon, plainly indicate that the best understanding subsists between the cabinets of the two countries. In fact, from the magnitude of the expedition now fitting out at Toulon, and the number of the land forces, it is ridiculous to suppose it intended for the conquest of the beyship of Constantine—its real destination is the East—its object, to preserve the present political system of Europe from being completely reorganized to the sole profit of the Emperor Nicholas.

What direction affairs may ultimately take it is difficult to predict, but that the combined squadrons will find the forts of the Dardanelles in the possession of the Russians is an event for which we are prepared. If the Sultan Mahmoud, blind to the history of the past, forgetful of the fate of Poland, should still obstinately persist in clinging to his treacherous ally, there will then only remain one course of policy for England and France to pursue, viz.—to support the Pacha of Egypt. This was the course of policy we advocated months ago; to maintain the Sultan any longer on the throne, creature as he now is of Russia, would only be to hasten the dissolution of the empire. Such was our prophecy, and one which the course of events has too fatally confirmed: the time has now gone by for saving both the Sultan and the empire. In the event of a struggle,—and such a contingency appears to us inevitable,—the Egyptian Viceroy will be a powerful element, to neglect which would be to court destruction. If regeneration be possible in Turkey—if an effectual barrier is to be opposed to the designs of Russia—it is to Mehemet Ali and his son Ibrahim that we must look for one and the other. There is also another point which ought not to be overlooked in their political combinations, and this is Greece—that Greece, delivered over by our blundering policy to the despotic powers of the Continent, and which in the present state of the Ottoman empire assumes a new aspect. Connected as she now is with the great interests of the balance of power, and at a moment when we behold Russia assuming the protectorate, and defying Europe, the importance of Greece as a *point d'appui*, is of the first magnitude, and one that we trust will not be lost sight of by the two powers. In fact, if the governments of England and France be only inspired with a straight-forward and manly confidence in each other's good faith, and do but skilfully use the means, both military and political, they have at their disposal, let the storm burst when it may, we have no fears for the result. Never, we admit, was the nation less pre-

pared for war than at the present moment; but never, on the other hand, had the nation more just and powerful motives for throwing away the scabbard than now. It would be idle here to recapitulate the reasons which so imperatively entail on this country the necessity of bridling the ambitious designs of Russia at any cost; to hesitate any longer would be to disregard national honour, national greatness, national existence. Constantinople is the palladium, not only of England, but of Europe. Were this central position of the globe once in possession of that ambitious power—were those boundless resources, which have so long slumbered beneath Turkish sloth and ignorance, to be developed by Russian skill and industry—then farewell—a speedy farewell to England's greatness! The ocean queen may then bury her trident in the deep bosom of the waves, the scene of her former glory, and, from her proud station among the nations of the globe, must dwindle into the rank of a third-rate power. By some we may be taxed for drawing too gloomy a horoscope—by some the advents of a collision may be deemed more remote than we imagine. As we said before, the efforts of diplomacy may possibly effect the farther adjournment of the question, but an adjournment it will only be. His plans once finally matured, the Emperor Nicholas will return as an answer to our elaborately drawn up protocols—

Sic volo, sic Jubeo,

Sit pro ratione voluntas,

and march boldly *en avant*. Convinced as we are, then, that the Turkish question, however defined by the wiles of diplomacy, will ultimately disturb the peace of Europe, we hope that the nation will see the necessity of boldly seizing the initiative, and will come forward with a firm determination of supporting his Majesty's Government, in a war that will be undertaken, certainly, on the soundest principles of national policy. Embarrassed as we are, our resources are still immense, and our patriotism, we should hope, as devoted as ever. Backed by her gallant army and her invincible navy, England will come forth like a veteran gladiator to the fight, with the stern determination of not sheathing the sword till she has raised up an imposing and effectual barrier against the all-devouring ambition of the Russian Autocrat.

STORM IN THE ALPS.

[BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.]

THE solemn wind again in gusts is rising,
And speaks with hollow moanings to mine ear!
How musical are all the elements—
And Nature's voice for ever charms the soul!
But mark the shriek of spirits that, surprising
Night's deadly silence, comes with awful fear;
It is some mournful agony that vents
Its torments in a cry beyond control.
The blast comes sweeping o'er the foamy lake,
Gathering its strength from mountain-gorges sprung.
Our crazy tenements beneath us shake,
And echoes up to Jura's heights have rung;
Now the gust sinking to a softer tone,
In musical accord the spirits moan!

Geneva, December, 1833.

GENIUS OF GALT. *

IF we were asked who, since the death of Sir Walter Scott, stands at the head of our light literature, we should have some difficulty in answering the question. The claims of several of our writers of fiction to the distinction are so nicely balanced, that he must have greater powers of discernment than we can pretend to who would undertake to adjudicate between them. Were the question, indeed, to be decided by the mere quantity of such writing, or by quantity and quality combined, there would not be room for two opinions: the palm would, by universal acclaim, be in that case at once awarded to Mr. Galt. It is certain that no living author has written so voluminously on the subject of light literature as he: it is no less certain that no other author can boast of an equal quantity of *good*—not meaning by the term the *best* writing. But if the question is to be decided by mere quality alone, it becomes much more difficult of solution. Were a jury of twelve intelligent men to sit in judgment on it, the probability is that no two of them would be agreed on the verdict which should be returned; at all events, there would be nothing approaching to unanimity among them.

But if Mr. Galt be not, any more than any of his rivals in the field of fame, placed, by universal consent, at the head of our light literature, there is a very considerable portion of the public who assign him that enviable distinction; and no one, so far as we are aware, will hesitate to recognize his right to be placed at least in the first class of our present novelists.

Any man who has written so copiously as the author of "The Annals of the Parish," must of necessity have written unequally. The human mind cannot sustain such unremitting efforts, as he has made for so lengthened a period, without suffering exhaustion. The matter for wonder is, that a man who has written so much should have made so few failures; and even such of his works as are admittedly failures, are only so in a relative sense,—that is to say, as compared with his own happier efforts. What would be considered a failure in him would be regarded as a work of merit in an author less known to fame.

Of the merits or defects of Mr. Galt's different novels, it were superfluous in us to speak. The public mind has long since come to a decision on the subject. What that decision is, has been already indicated.

One of the most striking attributes of his genius is its versatility. Mr. Galt does not only shine in one or two of the walks of fiction; he shines in all. He has studied human nature in its endless ramifications and varied manifestations; and, by the force and fidelity of his descriptions, has exhibited it to his readers in precisely the same light as that in which it has appeared to himself. Of him it may be

* Stories of the Study. By John Galt, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

said, as of Shakspeare,—though of course the remark does not apply with the same force—that he has seen and drawn “each many-coloured scene of life.” The prince and the peasant, and every intervening gradation of rank, with the varied habits of each, have all, at one time or other, formed subjects for his graphic pen. The various conformations of the human mind, with the feelings and sentiments peculiar to its several states, are all depicted with greater or less fidelity in one or other of his works. He at once charms us with his portraitures of love and friendship, and the other kindlier affections of the heart, and terrifies and appals us by his delineations of hatred and revenge, and the other fiercer passions which rankle in the unhallowed breast.

We have said that Mr. Galt shines in all the walks of fiction. If our judgment may be depend on, he shines with special splendour in that walk which embraces the description of the opinions, manners, and habits of the peasantry,—particularly of his own country. Here he is quite at home; as much so as if he had never seen aught else in his life than the thatched cottage and some insignificant village. He enters thoroughly into their feelings, and speaks their language with a truth and faithfulness which cannot be surpassed. It is difficult for the time to divest one’s mind of the idea that it is not one of the author’s heroes, but the author himself who is speaking to us. Mr. Galt himself is utterly lost sight of and forgotten in the living creation of his own brain. And this we hold to be one of the greatest proofs of the merits of a writer of fiction.

That Mr. Galt should have thus entered so completely into the feelings of the Scottish peasantry before he quitted Scotland, does not so much surprise us; but that he should still be able to think and speak like them after an absence from his native country of more than a quarter of a century—during which time he has visited many nations of the world, and mixed more or less with people of every rank in all of them—is truly passing strange. That he can be as thoroughly Scottish as he pleases, is abundantly proved by some of his latest productions.

And here we may throw out a hint that may be worthy the consideration of Mr. Galt. It is this—that the more he confines himself to the delineation of real character, and the less he trusts to his inventive faculties, the greater will be his success. In accordance with this notion, it will be found that his most successful works hitherto are those in which there has been least invention. The remark does not hold good in the case of every novelist, inasmuch as few have the same capabilities for correct conception and graphic description of character as he.

Sir Walter Scott was also happiest on Scottish ground. We are sure that that Mr. Galt himself would feel annoyed were we for one moment to put his writings, either as respects their matter or manner, in comparison with those of the Great Magician. But though we may not do this, we are justified in saying, that in many respects, in addition to the one we have specified, there existed a striking parallel between the accompaniments of their respective geniuses; and in no one instance does this hold more true than in that of their modesty.

The modesty of Sir Walter is almost proverbial: he never could persuade himself, notwithstanding the unanimous award of the public, both as expressed by words, and by the still more conclusive language of the sale of his works to an unprecedented extent, that he possessed any extraordinary merits as an author. He prided himself infinitely more on his knowledge of gardening than on his literary capabilities. It is exactly so with Mr. Galt. They do him an injustice who suspect him of affectation when he says that he does not consider himself a literary character. He is prouder far of being regarded as a man of business. He has given convincing proof of this: whenever circumstances have held out to him any reasonable prospect of success in business, he has not hesitated for a moment to abjure literature, and embrace the opportunity. Witness the promptitude with which he accepted the offer of the Canada Company, when it could only be accepted at the sacrifice of his literary pursuits and prospects. Not that Mr. Galt, any more than Sir Walter, disliked literary occupation, but that both had so modest an opinion of themselves as not to think their works likely to do credit to them. While both have been grateful for the proofs of approbation lavished upon them, both have wondered how the public should have formed so high an estimate of their merits.

Sir Walter wrote his works with amazing rapidity. Here again the parallel holds good. Who but Scott himself, has written so voluminously as Mr. Galt?

The Author of "Waverley" did not confine himself to works of fiction; neither has the author of "The Annals of the Parish." Both have written, and written well, on a variety of other subjects. It is no less worthy of remark that both, in their deviations from the path in which they have been most successful, have fixed on substantially the same subjects.

Scott had powerful inducements, other than the abstract love of fame, to prosecute literary pursuits. He wanted the means to carry into effect, in the first stages of his career as an author, his projected improvements in his darling Abbotsford, which were only to "be procured by the profits on his publications:" after the crisis in his affairs in 1826, his ardent love of justice to his creditors supplied an equally strong stimulus to literary exertion. The case has been substantially the same with Mr. Galt; his reverses in business, and the consequent necessity of providing for his family by mental exertion, have proved the grand incentives to that literary labour which has produced nearly 100 volumes. Viewing Sir Walter and Mr. Galt in their abstract characters as individuals, we have always deeply sympathized with them in their misfortunes: regarding them as authors only, the matter assumes a different aspect—for, had they been men of fortune, we should indeed have had but comparatively few of those works of theirs which are now delighting the world.

Scott was a man of great fortitude. Had he not possessed this quality in an unusual degree, he must have sunk under the appalling disasters which accumulated upon him at the period to which reference has been made. Mr. Galt is equally endowed with this noble attribute. Who that knows aught of the number and magnitude of

his trials, arising from the conjoint operation of pecuniary reverses and physical visitations, and the manner in which he has borne up under those trials, will need any detailed proofs of this?

Sir Walter proved, by his latest productions, that his intellectual faculties were as vigorous as ever. Mr. Galt's "Stories of the Study"—to notice which is the immediate object of this article—establishes the same thing. The work is unequal; but there are passages in it which will not suffer from a comparison with his most popular productions.

The work consists of a series of Tales, fifteen in number. The first and longest is the "Lutherans;" if it has a fault, it is its very great length. It is quite disproportioned to the others; indeed, it is longer than all of them put together. It occupies the first and more than the half of the second volume. It is nevertheless a tale of great merit. Its nature will be in some measure inferred from the title. The scene lies in Germany; the time is the dawning of the Reformation. It chiefly relates to a disputation between certain Lutheran doctors and adherents of the church of Rome, respecting the leading questions then mooted by both parties. The result is the discomfiture of the advocates of the Catholic faith and the consequent renunciation of that faith by the members of some noble families, who were present during the controversy embracing the new creed. Mr. Galt contrives to introduce a number of interesting episodes, which keep up the reader's attention. The whole is worked up with much skill. There are many passages in the tale, of great eloquence and beauty. Here and there we meet with some profound philosophic observation—an unusual feature in the author's works of fiction.

Of the other stories, "The Dean of Guild," "The Greenwich Pensioner," and "The Jaunt," are undoubtedly the best. Mr. Galt, in each of these tales, makes his hero speak for himself: and that is done in a singularly characteristic way. These three tales, with one or two others in the books, abundantly confirm what we have previously said of the remarkable fidelity with which Mr. Galt enters into the feelings, and employs the phraseology of the humbler classes—especially of his own country. The "Dean of Guild" and "The Jaunt" are on this account wonderful pieces of composition.

In the remaining tales there is nothing particularly striking. Most of them are interesting; two or three are unworthy of their author.

As a whole, "The Stories of the Study" will maintain Mr. Galt's reputation. They have appeared at a most seasonable time. We know of no work that has lately issued from the press better calculated to beguile the tedium of these long winter nights.

GREECE TO THE HOLY ALLIANCE;

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "LACON."]

WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO THE SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI.

SHALL Europe sue to such as you
 For freedom or reform?
 For such a gale you have not sail,
 Nor ballast for the storm.
 Imprison light in womb of might—
 Fetter the wave, the wind;
 Then try your hand, with rope of sand,
 To manacle the mind.
 Shall we, that broke the Persian's yoke,
 Let the fell Turk prevail?
 First, drunk with blood be field and flood,
 With carnage sick the gale.
 Each bristled hill, Tyrtaen skill
 Shall rouse to deeds of fire;
 Each path hath her Leonidas
 To vanquish and expire.
 With bill and brand we'll waste the land,
 Ere it the foe shall feed;
 Though Tempe's flowers should bless the bowers,
 And angels intercede.
 The Queen of Isles abhors your wiles,
 She boasts a patriot king:
 George lists from far your wordy war,
 And plumes his eagle wing.
 Each head and hand throughout that land
 Are his by flood or field;
 Their heart his throne, their love the zone
 That girds him as a shield.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO MRS. G——H.

MORE than the science Milton claim'd
 Thy favour'd suitor won,
 When Hymen gave those varied charms—
 A harem blent in one.
 But *we* that on that brilliance gaze
 Mayn't love, but must adore,
 And wish that niggard Nature's hand
 None such had made, or more.
 The tempering radiance of those eyes
 But ill disarms their fire;
 And we, like moths by light allured,
 Must in the blaze—expire.

[We have been favoured with the above communication by a friend who had been intimate with Mr. Colton, from earlier years. He has in his possession the documents prepared by the unfortunate gentleman himself for the publication of his own life.]

CONNUBIALITIES.

LOVE is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

Women go further in love than men, but women outstrip them in friendship.

As some women lose their reputation rather for want of discretion than for want of virtue, so others preserve theirs by their discretion only.

Women are pleased with courtship, and the most disdainful cannot but be complaisant to those that tell them of their attraction.

Some men say that it is hard to determine which is the more troublesome, a maid's reserve or a wife's forwardness.

Women are generally accessories to their own dishonour; for did they not flatter themselves, men could not so easily deceive them.

Valour was assigned to men, and chastity to women, as their principal virtues, because they are the most difficult to practise.

A woman that has but one lover thinks herself to be no coquet; she that has several, concludes herself no more than a coquet.

Reciprocal love is justice; constant love is fortitude; secret love is prudence.

It is the hardest thing in love to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed.

Women tell us they would not sin if we did not tempt them. We answer, we should not tempt them if they did not invite us.

The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world.

A man is more reserved on his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

A woman will think herself slighted if she is not courted, yet pretends to know herself too well to believe your flattery.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

Alcibiades being astonished at Socrates' patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? "Why," said he, "as they do who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of wheels to draw water."

There is an old Italian saying, that women are magpies at the door, syrens in the window, saints in the church, and devils in the house.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

THE SISTERS OF SCIO.*

WEEP'ST thou for Greece, my sister, say?
And weep'st thou for her glory o'er?
And must thy lyre's once happy lay
Breathe forth a happy strain no more?

Weep not for Greece! she is not dead,
Our brothers count them of the free;
They pant for glory's hallowed bed,
Or pant for glorious liberty!

And is it so!—and wilt thou weep,
And dost thou deem thy brother *slave*?
His mind—his soul—alike asleep
Unworthy of the name of Brave?

Strike high thy lyre! and give the wind
A lay like it—all wild and free!
Even *we* must never be behind,
To urge our land to liberty.

Look round! the sky and sun are bright,
And music swells in every breeze;
There's merry carols from the height,
And Freedom's chaunted from the trees—

* * * * *
Look round! a Spirit passes by!
I hear his voice in thunder borne;
And darkness veils the summer sky,
And drowns the rosy beams of morn!

He cries—"Awake! old Greece, awake!
The Genius of thy children calls!
For Fame, for Freedom's hallow'd sake,
Rise and defend your helpless walls!"

So rise! our hearths' unguarded glow
Provokes barbarians' ruthless hand—
Arise! and strike th' intruder low,
And guard our ocean-girdled land!

M.

* It is but justice to a very talented artist to state that the above verses were suggested by a drawing which, I think, appeared in one of the *Annuals* of 1832, bearing the name of "The Sisters of Scio." It appeared to me that the feeling and beauty of the painter were but feebly illustrated in the tale appended to the engraving. Whether I may have succeeded in catching somewhat of that feeling, it is not, of course, for me to determine.

MATRIMONY AND MOONSHINE ;

A FRAGMENT OF GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

HERR VON DROST was one of the richest and most accomplished of the youth of Germany. Dividing his time between company, the gaieties of life, his tailor and his horse, he had reached his twenty-fifth year. Till now the passion of a day, and the despair of an evening, had been equally forgotten the next morning ; but twenty-five is a dangerous age for the heart ! The sun had risen brightly, and set brightly, but for one whole day Herr Von Drost had not left his room. A whole day at home ! and he had not sent for a physician.

He laid the play-bill on the table unread, walked hastily up and down the room, and became thoughtful. It was for the first time in his life. The valet looked at him suspiciously.

" Had I only those two hours again in my possession," cried he, and threw himself on the sofa.—" I sit two hours by her side, and have not the courage to look at her even once ; I mutter a few unintelligible words ; she asks me if I have said any thing ; in my embarrassment I stammer out some silly remark ; and a gigantic officer of the Guards leads her away to the carriage."

Drost ordered his dinner ; alas ! he could not order an appetite : it was removed untouched. He threw himself sleepless on the bed : " Could I but have those two hours back again !" he sighed, and went through the whole dictionary of love. Worn out at length he fell asleep, and awoke horror-stricken from a dream—for he had stabbed the gigantic guardsman.

It was again day-light : he ordered his horse. The English hunter pranced through the street where she lived ; all the windows flew open. There was the house ; a white figure moved in the window. His heart beat quick, both spurs were struck into his bay ; the fiery animal reared and snorted. The people, terrified, fled from the street. " Take care !" said a voice, which he knew to be hers. His blood rushed impetuously through his veins, and the wild animal he rode shot like an arrow by the house.

He paced up and down his apartment ; her voice resounded in his ears. But he had not one thanked her even by a glance—not once saluted her as he rode past.

" I must rectify that," said he, impatiently ; " it gives me an opportunity of writing. I can write what I could not say to her ;" and he sat down to write.

Excuses and thanks are two humiliating things. Twenty times he dipped his pen into the ink ; his embarrassment increased ; he started up ; " it is better that I should go," said he ; and he snatched up his hat. The movement brought him before his looking-glass. For the first time in his life he stood melancholy, and embarrassed before the mirror ; he examined himself timidly. The ghost in the uniform stood before him ! He reckoned up his income to himself—his courage rose ; the more he reckoned, the smaller grew the ghost. He was independent, young, and had a

heart and hand to offer. In three minutes he was at her house. He entered with timidity ; two immense boots rattled down the steps ; and the next minute, Drost with an oppressed heart squeezed himself into a corner to let the officer of the Guards bustle by. He then, in a low stifled voice, gave the servant his name. The folding doors flew open.

"You threw us all in a terrible fright," cried Julia, advancing towards him.

Julia was the youngest daughter of Herr Von Zetten, who possessed a fine house, fine horses, little property, and handsome daughters. She had just emerged from school, and had conquered five hundred hearts by her first dance—Drost's among them. The ball was over ; the elegant figures, drawn together by gaiety, vanished with the music : but Drost could not forget the figure of the dancer.

Nobody seemed to notice his embarrassment ; the last rain, the last opera, and the new singer, succeeding each other in conversation, put an end to it.

He had already laid down his hat without making his excuses ; he had sat for two minutes opposite to Julia, without blushing, and his eyes were now bold enough to meet hers.

He saw a piano and music, and turned with an imploring look from the instrument to Julia's eyes. The father glanced at Julia—and Julia played ; two pretty white hands flew over the keys ; Drost did not hear Mozart's Sonata, but he saw Julia's hands. She sang : Hayden's Creation was open before her ; he admired the creation upon Julia's lips. The father stood like an amateur behind her chair, his attention apparently directed to the music. The "Creation" came to an end ; Drost perceived it by Julia's lips being closed. "It is a master-piece !" cried the father ; Drost stood in dumb astonishment before the master-piece. Two hours passed away, and dinner was served. Drost took his hat ; Julia and her father begged him to stay—and he stayed.

Drost sat between the father and Julia. He talked with the one, and looked at the other. She cast down her eyes and blushed, the elder sister smiled, and the father drank and was delighted. A noise in the street drew the servant to the window ; a guardsman had fallen from his horse.

"There are some fine men in the Guards," said Drost, and glanced significantly at Julia. But Julia looked perfectly unconcerned.

"A relation of ours has been in the Guards about a week," said the father with a sigh, shrugging his shoulders.

"I wish he would not come here so often," said Julia. Drost felt a thrill of happiness through his veins that an angel might have envied.

Astonishing ! a day had passed away, and he had neither yawned nor looked at his watch, he had neither played nor felt ennui ; he had not been to the theatre, nor even thought of it. A day without playing or society ! He fell asleep out of the very excess of his astonishment. Julia's eyes and Hayden's Creation, filled his visions with light and music.

Early the next morning Drost again stood in the saloon of Herr Von Zetten, who, after a very short conversation, led him to his daughter's apartment. As the door opened, Julia flew to the piano—and the officer of the Guards into a corner.

"Your future husband, Julia!" cried the father. "Come, cousin," continued he, turning to the officer of the guards, "love likes to be alone."

The cousin bowed, and they instantly disappeared together.

Drost stood beside Julia; a deep blush overspread her countenance. He knew not whether joy or confusion dyed her cheeks. Her eyes that were cast timidly down, and the powder from the cousin's curls that lay about the room, were contradictions which tranquillized and tormented him alternately. He looked at her with an inquiring eye—a tear stood tremblingly in Julia's.

"Is it one of pleasure?" said he.

Julia's head fell upon his shoulder, and the tear upon his hand. The cousin, his confusion, and his powder were forgotten; he felt only that Julia would soon become his——; and she *was* his, in less than three days.

A crowd of cousins now flocked to her with felicitations and embraces. Visits were received and paid; a week passed, and Drost had not been able to speak to his wife for two minutes together. At the ball she was incessantly engaged; the rules of propriety did not allow him to dance with her any more. He offered his hand to another lady, but his eyes followed Julia, his feet went astray, and he ceased to hear the measure.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed a French marquis, with a look and a shrug, and he drew up his foot, which Drost had trodden on.

"Oh, my dress!" cried a lady; and Drost saw with affright that his feet were entangled in a train. He disengaged himself with a thousand excuses; and a shower of lemonade and negus streamed over a waiter, whom he had struck in disentangling himself.

"Mille diables!" shrieked the waiter, shaking the superfluous moisture from himself over the dancers.

All the young men of the court crowded round Julia; Drost tried to press forward to her, and she flew round the room in a waltz with her cousin. The lively quick waltz sounded to the husband like a funeral hymn. At length the music ceased, the lights were extinguished, the dancers vanished, and Julia hung on his arm. He hurried her to the carriage; and she wished him a good night, as she sunk exhausted to sleep.

In the morning the effects of a sleepless night were visible on the countenance of Drost. He placed her hand between his own.

"Dearest Julia, I have to solicit my first request of you."

"What *can* you have to request of me?" cried Julia.

"I have been considering the future plan of our life, and should wish that the quiet of the country, nature and solitude, should now and then vary the pleasures and ennui of the town."

"Do you doubt my compliance?" said Julia, rubbing her eyes.

Drost was delighted. "Let us make the trial," said he, "eight leagues hence I have an estate, and, when a boy, used to be very

happy there. I have not been there these ten years, but it is beautifully situated. The calm of nature softens the human mind. Let us hasten there, Julia; a heart teeming with affection fondly attaches itself to nature and solitude. Ah! Julia there is no happiness equal to that of a country life—the calm unclouded sunshine of existence.”

“I wish the carriage was ready,” said Julia, smiling enchantingly. “Do you know I want a little rest! and, besides, my new dress will not be ready for to-morrow’s concert. “Let us leave at once—I have never been in the country; but,” she added archly, “do you think, Drost, that our sunshine may not turn out moonshine?”

Every thing was hastily packed. Some music, and Gessner’s Idyls—those pictures of Arcadian felicity—were thrown into the carriage. Servants ran about the town with cards to take leave, and four fine bays drove rapidly out of the gates. The sky was blue and serene, the birds sang, the trees were in bloom, and Julia’s eyes wandered from blossom to blossom, and found all beautiful. Drost looked first at the scenery, then at Julia; their fingers were entwined in each other, like the tender twigs of the forest.

Five leagues from the city they quitted the high road, and entered a dark pine forest; a hill was before them; torrents of rain had destroyed the road, and the carriage was in danger of being overturned.

“Heavens!” cried Julia terrified, “what will become of us?”

Drost looked anxiously out. Huge masses of stone, which had been dislodged by heavy rains, lay scattered about the road. The descent of the hill was still worse; and the pine forest cast its dark shade at the bottom, where a small torrent dashed over pebbles and roots of trees. Julia turned pale.

“I will alight,” said she.

The carriage stopped, and she was taken out trembling; Drost followed, rather disconcerted. The rough points of the rock on which they walked, penetrated her thin shoes. When she had ascended about fifty steps, she threw herself breathless under the shade of a pine. Drost stood gasping beside her.

“Alas!” cried Julia, “you did not tell me that your estate lay in the Alps!”

The old valet hastened up; she gave him one hand, and Drost the other, and they tottered up the ascent. At length, out of breath, they threw themselves, exhausted, into the carriage.

“How soon shall we be there?” said she, trembling.

Drost had but a faint recollection of the situation of the house: he cast his eyes over the whole country, and drew them back a little dispairingly. Their hands were no longer entwined like the tender twigs of the forest; but the shaking of the carriage over the large stones and pieces of rock, jostled them roughly against each other.

“You hurt me!” cried Julia: and Drost held fast to his corner of the carriage with both hands, in consternation.

Night spread her mantle over the mountains; all around was dark and indistinct: at length the carriage rolled over a stone pavement, and stopped before an old building.

A small, stooping figure, gray as old Time, but holding in his hand

a torch instead of a scythe, appeared at the door of the carriage. Julia shuddered. He lighted them up the broad steps, to a suite of apartments which, it was easy to perceive, had not enjoyed the honour of being occupied for at least ten years.

"You find all in disorder," said the old steward, as he placed some dim candles upon a damp table.

"That is very true," said Julia, looking mournfully about her :—
"but where shall I sleep?"

The steward opened the door of a room that looked almost too gloomy for a ghost to inhabit. "It was a cheerful apartment," said he, in a tremulous voice, "before it fell into decay."

"That is a vast consolation," said Julia.

In the morning, as soon as she had arisen, Drost led her to the window.

"Look, beloved Julia!" said he, "upon this enchanting prospect." Julia's eyes became animated, and glistened like the sunbeams upon the little rivulet which wound through the valley. Flocks of sheep were slumbering on the hills; birds were warbling on the bending twigs; and every tree extended its blooming branches to the morning breeze. Julia threw her arms around Drost: "Ah!" said she, softly, "with you and my Gessner, I shall be so happy in this lovely spot."

They breakfasted quietly, and hastened, arm-in-arm, into the arms of nature. The sun was distressingly scorching.

"We will seek the shade," said Julia, "for it is insufferably hot." And they walked towards the thick bushes on the banks of the river, where the blackbirds were singing. Thick blossoms here shaded the birds, as well as the green turf beneath, on which the morning dew still glistened, undried by the sun.

"Heavens!" cried Julia, looking at her feet, "one might as well walk into the river; and she sprang back to the sunshine. Drost, of course, sprang after her. They held each other by the hand, rather embarrassed.

"Now we are again in the heat," cried Julia.

"Let us penetrate into the wood," said Drost. "There, on the hill, where the sheep are feeding, is a fine view over the whole valley; as long as we live, let us never again visit the blackbirds." Julia looked with delight at the lambs and the hill, and hastened into the wood.

Her strength was soon exhausted; they had followed the sheep-track. A steep ascent, of about twenty steps, still lay before them. She looked back, mournfully, at Drost, as he came gasping after her, and threw herself, terrified, into his arms, on seeing before her a huge sun-burnt figure, with ragged hair, fierce black eye-brows, and glaring eyes, holding back with one hand a panting dog, and extending the other towards her. "That is the shepherd," said Drost quite out of breath.

Julia trembled; but finding herself exhausted, she placed her small, delicate hand in the huge paw of the shepherd, and, shudderingly, allowed him to assist her upwards. She then thanked him, in confusion, and hurried into the wood, without bestowing a glance either on the prospect or the sheep.

"Dear Drost," said she, as she sat down on the stump of an oak, "what kind of shepherds are here? Your Myrtillo is an admirable imitation of a bandit. Alas! Gessner never saw such men, or else he has published a book of falsehoods."

"In your Gessner," said Drost, vexed, and stretching himself on the grass, a nightingale sings in every page; but he does not say a word of the footpath by which one must approach them."

"No, nor of the bad roads!" cried Julia.

"Nor how hard the ground is!" sighed Drost, as he raised himself up, smarting with pain.

"I think," said Julia, we will descend the hill again, for it is quite as cool in-doors."

"And the sofa is much softer," said Drost, springing up:—and they returned to the house, heated and fatigued.

"Only allow," said Julia, when she had a little recovered, "that nature is like our operas. When we looked at it this morning from our box, every thing appeared beautiful; but when we went upon the stage, every charm vanished—but we must have been gone a tremendous time." As she spoke the church clock struck one.

"It must be much later," said Drost — "the tedious village clocks." He took out his watch, but it was only one o'clock. "Then we have still an hour to get through before dinner!" they both exclaimed at the same instant.

They dozed, despaired, and dressed—and dinner was served. They took their seats opposite to each other in silence. No company—no play-bills—no news—no journal of the fashions. What should they talk about? Drost sat thoughtfully, and Julia looked at her hands.

"Do you know," said she, at length, "that Hamlet is performed to-night?"

"Hamlet! I always see that piece with pleasure—Hamlet! I used to fancy myself like him—he who is raised above the prejudices of his time, and loves virtue so ardently!" exclaimed Drost, pressing her hand tenderly.

"What pleasure my sisters will have this evening!" said Julia, sorrowfully, drawing back her hand. "The whole court will be there; and my dress would have been ready to-day. Poor Ophelia!" sighed Julia, "how I long to see her."

"Alas! poor ghost!" sighed Drost.

The village pastor and his lady were announced. A short, thick man, in the dark dress of piety, with a pair of rosy cheeks, entered, conducting a tall, meagre woman, who looked down upon him like Mount St. Gothard upon Switzerland. The powder lay like a cap of snow on her summit; a sky-blue dress enveloped her like ether, which was trimmed with black lace, and evinced the bad taste of a past age. She hung over the little black figure, that resembled a dark cloud at her feet.

Drost conducted the lady to the sofa, and gave a chair to the pastor. He talked of English dogs—the pastor, of agriculture—Julia, of the Opera—and the pastor's lady, of flax and storms. The thread of conversation snapped every instant. The pastor played with his hat—Drost counted the pictures on the wall—Julia pressed her lips to-

gether in confusion—and the pastor's lady sat solemnly silent. The pastor rose timidly from his chair—his lady stood up confused—Drost begged them to repeat their visit very often—Julia esteemed herself happy in having made their acquaintance. The pastor's lady looked down triumphantly on her husband—he looked up delightedly at her—and they promised to come very often.

"Really, the place swarms with interesting people!" cried Julia, turning over her music with evident discontent.

Drost shook his head. "We have now seen a pastor of sheep, and a pastor of men; and one must acknowledge that your Gessner depicts mankind very strikingly. But see," he said, as he leaned on the window, "the sun is setting behind the mountains. Julia, you do not see the sun set in Hamlet.

"And love does not render them so happy as we are," said Julia.

The glowing clouds of evening disappeared; the air was cool, and they left the window. "I wish the sun would not set so quickly," said Julia, after a long pause—"all the pleasures of life are so short!"

"And do you know that it is only eight o'clock?" said Drost, looking at his watch.

"Only eight o'clock! Why, what *shall* we do?" murmured Julia.

"The pastor really seems to be a man of information," said Drost, in despair. "Suppose we send for him again?—at all events he talks. His wife makes herself ridiculous—which is amusing. But, alas! no—it is too late—the good people are already gone to bed. But—stop," he continued, hastily, "I will read a chapter out of Gessner."—He did so, and Julia fell asleep. It acted as a soporific, and they retired for the night.

He awoke at three o'clock. The clouds were gilded by the first rays of the morn. When a boy, he had sometimes seen the sun rise, and he now leaned on the window, indulging in the remembrance of those happy days—"Julia must see this," said he. She awoke in a fright.

"Come," said Drost—gently taking her hand—"you have, certainly, never seen the sun rise?"

"This abominable country!" she exclaimed, "How early the sun sets and rises here!" and she looked out of the window, half asleep.

Morning glowed upon the summits of the mountains—a warm wind breathed through the blossoms—the torrent rolled its waves wildly through the valley—and the birds burst into song upon the boughs. "The people in the city," said Drost, "do not see the sun rise."

"No, they are wiser," said Julia; "they stay in bed to dream of it."

They endeavoured to go to rest again in vain; awakened fancy chased away the hovering ministers of sleep. Julia tottered, scarcely awake, to the breakfast-table; Drost closed his eyes, and lifted the empty cup to his lips.

"You have no tea—let me give you some," said Julia—and the hot water streamed over her fingers.

She shrieked and sprang up with the sudden pain, overturning the tea-table and water on the feet of Drost.—A screaming duet succeeded.

"All the water has fallen over my hand," cried Julia, as she held it forth to be bound up.

"All! did you say? Not half!" exclaimed Drost, with pain. "Look at my feet—I shall have no more rural walks."

"The sun is the cause of all this," sighed Julia, as she threw some rose-water over her hand; "it is all very well when such things are be seen at ten or eleven o'clock in the day; but to place one's-self at window at midnight to watch for day-break"—a deep sigh finished the sentence.

They sat quite silent for at least an hour. The pain gradually diminished. At last, their reflections were interrupted by the discordant clang of all the bells in the village. Julia looked, with curiosity, from the window. A stream of people flowed towards the church-door.

"I tell you what we will do," said she, quickly, "we will go to church; there, we shall, at least, see company; and, besides, I am anxious to see how people pray in the country."

They entered the church, and were conducted to the principal seat. The little, rosy pastor ascended the pulpit. The peasants stared at the pastor's mouth, whence truth seemed to flow like water from the rock of Moses. The preacher's eyes met Julia's; his sermon became unintelligible and confused. Drost criticised the female inhabitants of the village; his eyes turned away, disgusted, from the rude forms, inexpressive features, and sun-burnt hands of the peasants. Sleep, at length, seized upon its victim, and the embarrassment of the pastor increased. Presently all lips were opened, a hundred rough voices overpowered the organ, whose shrill tones whistled like a blast of wind through the vaulted church. Julia was stunned, the people pressed closer round the altar, and the heat and noise were excessive.

"Give me quiet and fresh air," faintly articulated Julia, and they hastened out of the church.

"I am alarmingly ill!" she said, as she sunk exhausted on the sofa.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Drost, in dismay, "I will send directly for a physician."

"Physician!—yes, you may send; but luxuries, I fear, are not to be had in a place like this."

"What is to be done? I would willingly return to our residence—God knows how willingly!—but only the day before yesterday the servants ran about town with cards to take leave; and to return on the third day would provoke universal ridicule."

"You will take care to bury me among the blackbirds?" sighed Julia.

"God forbid!" cried Drost, ringing the bell: the servants hurried in. "Pack up!" he exclaimed; "we will leave this place in an hour." The servants hurried out.

"But, dear Julia!" continued he, with inquietude, "if the motion of the carriage should make you worse?"

"Do not be uneasy," said Julia; "motion will restore me—it is all I require."

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"But, dear Julia!" continued he, with inquietude, "if the motion of the carriage should make you worse?"

"Do not be uneasy," said Julia; "motion will restore me—it is all I require."

"That is still worse!" cried Drost, in despair. "The journey will make you better—you will arrive in blooming health—and we shall be laughed at by the tall officer of the Guards, and the rest of your cousins."

This scruple was overruled by two or three deeply distressing sighs from Julia, and she sprang about the room in a delirium of health and pleasure.

"What will the people say?" cried Drost, again thrown into despair; "why, you are dancing!"

"Hamlet, whom you so admire, was above the prejudices of his time!" said Julia, smiling.

The breakfastless pair sat down to a hearty luncheon.

"Believe me," said Julia, when it was concluded, "Gessner was a very great story-teller; people were never intended for a country life."

The carriage was heard rattling over the pavement: the road was rough, but Julia and Drost were happy. They rolled cheerfully down the stony hill, and in the glow of the evening the city lay spread before their eyes.

"How beautifully the sun sets!" said Julia; "what a magnificent spectacle!" and her eyes were fixed on the dome of the opera-house, which was illumined by the golden rays. "To what advantage is nature always seen in a city. Besides, one hates to have all the enjoyment to oneself. Here we can share it with thousands."

"I begin to fancy," whispered Drost, "that town is the truest Arcadia!"

That very evening Julia was waltzing with her tall cousin of the Guards, and Drost lost ten napoleons to the colonel of the regiment. They had discovered the true Arcadia!

HAME ! HAME HAE I COME !

HAME ! hame hae I come frae thae bright Indian isles,

That rise in their beauty through blue simmer seas;

Whare nature's aye beaming in verdure and smiles,

And scented winds blaw saft through ever-green trees;

Whare the lassies are genial and bright as their clime,

Wi' their raven-hued tresses and dark sunny een,

That might gar the maist constant forget, for a time,

The land o' his birth and his ain bonnie Jean;

But I aye thought o' hame, through a' distance an' time,

O' the land o' my birth, and my ain bonnie Jean!

Thae bright isles and lassies, awa' i'the west,

Could nae wile my leal heart ae moment to lo'e,

Or forget my ain land and the lass I lo'e best,

With her ringlets sae flaxen, and saft een sae blue;

For though o'er bleak Scotia chill winter's win' blaws,

The warmth o' her lassies' hearts blinks i' their een;

And wha wad be fause to her ingle-lit ha's,

To the land o' his birth, an' his ain bonnie Jean?

Sae Hame ha'e I come to auld Scotia's bien ha's,

To the land o' my birth, and my ain bonnie Jean!—W. B. H.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.—No. I.

[BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.]

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE AND JAMES IV.

I.

“ FATHER, why do those warriors troop
With helmet, lance, and burnished brand;
And why the cheering battle-whoop
Through all the links of fair Scotland?”
“ Fair lady, it is mine to know
Things yet concealed from human view—
A lovely queen has stooped to do
A deed which Scotland long may rue.

II.

“ Warriors may fume, and statesmen rave,
And kings may council and decree;
Their fleets may split the thundering wave,
Their armies leagure on the lea:
But when the tongue of beauty pleads,
And tears the liquid eyes bedew,
The warriors check their battle steeds,
Unbrace the helm, unbend the yew.

III.

“ The sailor turns the helm a-lee,
And growling slacks the jocund sail;
For beauty rules the earth and sea,
And might of man may not avail:
Though messengers of heaven descend,
And angels speak in human tongue,
Man’s haughty mind will scorn to bend,
Save to the lovely and the young.

IV.

“ But the best blood in all the land
Shall stream for lady’s selfish wile,
And Scotia’s yet unconquered brand
Sink down before the Southron guile;
The shafts shall cloud the Border sky,
The dead be piled along the lea,
The grave shall gape—the raven cry—
And a stone stand where a king should be!”

[The Musical Copyright of this Song is the property of Mr. SAMUEL CHAPPELL,
Bond Street.]

REVERIES ON RAIL-ROADS.

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra citra que, nequit consistere rectum.—HORAT.

WE live in startling times—so many things have come to pass which our grandfathers laughed at the mere mention of, that projects of our own day are no longer received with caution, but their practicability at once admitted, and the sole consideration is the amount of reward to the projectors.

Hudson Gurney once said that Birmingham was formerly ten miles further from London than in the year 1826—referring to the improvements made in the roads—and that he “should not be surprised at retiring to rest some night with the knowledge that a sovereign was worth twenty shillings, on waking the next morning most unexpectedly finding, by the London papers, that it was only worth eighteen.” Mr. Brougham’s “Schoolmaster” has been very active. He has made a most miraculous exertion with his birch, which may, perhaps, account for much of our present illumination. Had he been equally active in other countries, Mrs. Lushington would not have been so many months in her overland journey from India. Had Sir Charles Dance ever been on that road or Gurney—not Hudson Gurney—she might have been puffed along by steam as fast as a sun-beam. We do not despair of breakfasting at St. Petersburg, and dining the next day with Mrs. Ramsbottom on the walls of China. Gas and steam have only, as yet, commenced their operations; how they will finish, the next age will scarcely be able to tell. Gunpowder and the mitre have had their day; and steam, it has been predicted, will henceforth govern the world.

Nothing has unquestionably a greater tendency to contribute to the rapid civilization of a country, and to accelerate the development of its resources, than facility of communication. Even in the dark ages, its utility, better felt than understood, rendered it an object of monopoly even to the church itself. “To build a bridge,” says a lively female writer of the present day, “or clear a forest, were deeds of salvation for the next world as for this; and royal and noble sinners literally paved their way to heaven, and reached the gates of Paradise, by causeways made on earth.”

If, with a philosophic eye, we attentively scan the volume of history, we shall discover that most of the grand climacterics of the world have been ushered in by some great scientific invention or discovery. Thus gunpowder, in the middle ages, broke the barbed ranks of the feudal aristocracy and revolutionized the whole system of war. The art of printing sapped the foundations of the church of Rome, and extended the domain of thought. The mariner’s compass led to the discovery of a new continent. But it is in the age in which we live, characterized as it is by its political and economical spirit of reform, that a new principle, a *novum organum*, has been introduced, the most powerful yet ever wielded by man—we allude to the steam-engine.

To this country, above all others, the steam-engine has procured

immense advantages. If for twenty years we have been enabled to carry on a war against civilized Europe; if we have been able to sustain the enormous burthen of our national debt, it is because we have had at our disposition the prodigious resources of our industry, seconded by this new agent, which we were the first to possess.

On the other side the Atlantic, applied to navigation, it has enabled a nation, in the noon-tide of youth and political energy (but barely numbering twelve millions of inhabitants), to develop, with a rapidity perfectly unparalleled in the annals of the world, the immense resources of a territory almost equal in extent to the European Continent. But the most important application of the power of steam is of a more recent date; it is the revival of the *old invention* of carriages propelled by the power of steam on rail-roads of iron.

"Imagination," says a French writer of celebrity, "is dazzled in contemplating the operation of this invention on the future destinies of man;—one that gives to him the faculty of moving with the rapidity of the eagle—a land conveyance, at once less dangerous, less uncertain, less expensive, and more expeditious than any other with which he has hitherto been acquainted. By means of this communication every country may henceforth, from its very centre, distribute equally over its surface the necessities of life and the raw materials of industry; its scattered population will contract a thousand new relations, mutually assist each other, and, by the most simple combinations, a continual interchange of the commodities of the most distant countries will be as easily established as between two neighbouring cities. In fact, by means of rail-roads every nation will henceforth possess the faculty of rendering invasions *impossible*, of doubling their population and their prosperity, and of diminishing in *equo ratio* their public burdens. But let us not," he adds, "confine our consideration of this invention to the simple establishment of a communication between a mineral district and the nearest river, or between a manufacturing town and a neighbouring sea-port; but let us suppose the whole country possessing a complete system of rail-roads, diverging from the capital, as a common centre, to every part of the frontiers.

"Now, the most important object of transportation, whether considered commercially or politically, is undoubtedly man himself. A machine that would save five-sixths of the time and expense, and nine-tenths of the trouble and fatigue, of our present mode of locomotion, would certainly work a complete change in the aspect of a country; for with what rapidity and ease might the merchants of the sea-ports visit the interior, and *vice versâ* those of the interior the sea-coast! In fact, how numerous the advantages it would offer to every class of society—to all those who travel either for health, or pleasure, or instruction! If, again, to these we add the further advantages of a rapid circulation of letters and newspapers, we may, without any great stretch of the imagination, form an accurate idea of the magnificent results of this mighty operation."

There is, doubtless, in this view of the subject, much that is just and correct, but, taken in its *ensemble*, it is the dream of a heated imagination, the *fata morgana* of the mind, which, if only partially

attainable, would, towards the close of the present century, substantially realize that earliest dream of poetry, "the Golden Age." But feverish as is the speculation that prevails—teeming as do the daily prints, both here and on the Continent,* with notices of lines of rail-roads in every direction, and plans recommending nothing less than to make them general throughout the kingdom—we much doubt if that time will ever arrive when this, or any other country, shall possess a complete system of rail-roads, extending from the capital to every point of the frontier, like so many radii from the centre of a circle to its circumference. Difficult as it is for human sagacity to predict in what manner the complicated relations of society may be effected by any particular discovery in the moral or physical world, yet we venture to pronounce that the operation of rail-roads on the moral, physical, and intellectual condition of the people of this country to be one fraught with consequences that require considerable caution; nor is the sudden and wholesale adoption of such conveyances so advisable as the prospectuses of speculators would lead us to believe.

It is not a little singular that this invention, the subject at the present moment of so much feverish excitement, should have hitherto acted only as an accessory to the mode of communication it seems destined to supersede, *viz.* canals—and that, while the secret of this invention was known full a century ago, and already in full operation at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales, the whole surface of the country should have been intersected with canals, while the rail-road should have languished in oblivion, and should at length be brought forward at a period when their operations may admit of some question as to the extent of their benefit to society. It would have been fortunate if, at that period, rail-roads had been generally adopted instead of canals; their probable effect on the present state of the country affords food for much curious speculation. Considered in the abstract as a mode of conveyance, none other can compete with them. Besides speed, they possess the further desideratum of certainty, and, unlike the canal, are unaffected by atmospheric changes; and, although no accurate estimates can be made of their comparative cost, because both must depend upon circumstances always varying, and which can seldom be common to both, yet we may say that the cost of the canal, supposing them to run through the same line of country, is greater than that of the rail-road, by nearly one-third. But it is rather *relatively* than abstractedly, that we are now led to consider this question—one in which every class of the community is deeply concerned; for it is not, in its

* In France it is in agitation to connect Calais and Marseilles by a road through Lisle and Lyons, by following the left bank of the Soane; this line would be crossed again by a branch one from Strasburg that would terminate at Bayonne, and thus connect Germany and Spain.

In Belgium, again, the Seance Centrale have just determined on a system of rail-ways, the centre of which will be Malines, from whence one road will run east to the Prussian frontier, through Louvaine, Verviers, and Liege; a second to the north, to Antwerp; a third west, through Ghent to Ostend; and a fourth south, through Brussels to the French frontier; all this is to be executed at the expense of the Belgian treasury!

successful application, so flattering to the mathematical vanity of the engineer—or, in the high rate of returns on the capital invested, so captivating to the feelings of the shareholder—but in its operation on the social system, in its most extended signification, that the true political economist will estimate the *utility* of the invention. We live in an age in which the dominion of man over physical nature is daily and hourly extended by the genius of our artists; and yet, strange to say, the social condition of the mass of our population degenerates in an inverse ratio.

This is the theme of daily observation; while the cause, which appears to elude the grasp of philosophic research, lies much nearer the surface than is generally imagined. The fact is, our chemical and mechanical discoveries have advanced faster than is consistent with the welfare of society; or, in other words, the moral culture of the species has not kept pace with the increase of its material power—the equilibrium has been destroyed. Hence the fruitful source of evil; an evil which the *immediate* and *general* introduction of rail-roads, by suddenly and to such an extent diminishing the demand for human labour, will increase to a hundred-fold.

Let us, therefore, calmly examine the working of this system on the very narrow field that it yet presents to our observation. Previous to the establishment of the railways between Manchester and Liverpool, the communication between the two towns was carried on by a turnpike-road and by two canals. On the former there were from thirty to forty stage-coaches, besides carts, waggons, and other conveyances. On the latter it was computed that the quantity of merchandize passing daily between these two places amounted to 1000 *tons*, the freight of which produced the annual sum of £300,000, two-thirds of which fell to the share of the Marquis of Stafford. Now, by the report of the Rail-road Committee, it appears that the returns upon the capital invested amounts to eight per cent.; from this, however, must be deducted the value of the property destroyed—*viz.* the turnpike-road; still, as the rail-road has not been found to diminish the traffic hitherto carried on by the canals, in this instance the rail-road system may be said to have been successively and beneficially applied. But, however successful may have been the results of this first scheme, it is comparatively upon a small scale; and the question is *now*, whether from such data an argument can be found of sufficient strength to justify their unlimited adoption throughout the country. We are the last in the world to offer a check to the advance of the age; but when the whole social relations of the country are staked on the hazard of a die—when the destinies of a country seem about to be wielded by speculations, it becomes the duty of those that think, at least, to offer the result of such thought to their fellow-countrymen; and in this we repeat—let us not be mistaken—our object is to inculcate caution, but not distrust.

One great principle, as applicable to the whole system, has been fully established, and that is—the practicability of the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion; and, further, that the application of this power affords those grand desiderata in travelling—safety and expedition. But it is not enough to shew that they can convey goods

and passengers at an accelerated rate ; it must also be proved that the quantity of goods and the number of passengers, that may reasonably be expected to be carried along the proposed line, will be so great as to meet the annual expenses incidental to it, and at the same time yield an adequate remuneration for the outlay of capital ; and, further, that the existing means of conveyance are inadequate to the purposes they profess to answer ; that the establishment of rail-roads is imperiously called for by the wishes and wants of the country through *which it will pass*, as well as of the towns at its extremities ; and that the advantages to be derived will more than counterbalance the evil it will occasion. All this must be proved ; otherwise it will be only creating a new species of property at the expense of the old ; for one of the first effects of this new system of communication will be to occasion a violent change in the value of property in some instances, and *total* destruction in others. We believe that it will be readily admitted that the towns and villages situated upon the line of a great road derive much of their prosperity from that circumstance ; and, therefore, property is more valuable in those places than in others less fortunately circumstanced. Now, the effect of a rail-road will be to deprive these towns of the advantages they now enjoy ; in other words, to diminish the value of the property precisely in the same ratio as it was previously increased, by taking away all the traffic and travelling therein. In opposition to this argument, we know that it will be urged that other property along the proposed line of railway will become valuable in a corresponding degree, and that the mischief which will accrue from the depreciation of property in one place will be more than counterbalanced by its increase in another. Now, supposing this were susceptible of a demonstration, it would even then be a matter deserving serious consideration, whether, unless for the purpose of obtaining some immense advantages, such a change in the property of the country in its present condition would be advisable.

In the first place, it would greatly diminish the value of the agricultural produce of the country, by reducing the demand for horse-power.

2dly. By throwing a numerous class of men, who at present earn their subsistence by that means and by the present mode of travelling, out of employ, not only a great mass of social misery would be the consequence, but the burdens of the country, in the shape of poor-rates, greatly increased.

3dly. They are demoralizing in their effects, from their tendency to concentrate the population of the country in large towns. We are aware that what has been alledged, with regard to the value of property, may with equal justice be adduced in the second instance—that men thrown out of one species of labour would soon find employment in other channels, which this new system of communication would create. This is the favourite theory of the political economist ; but, after all, it is but a theory—and a heartless one—the practicable application of which none but an enthusiast would ever dream of seeing successfully realized in a country where the price of labour is so closely graduated upon the means of subsistence that the inter-

ruption of one day's labour brings the unfortunate artisan to the verge of starvation. There is no class of men whose labours have been more fatal to the prosperity of England than the modern political economists; they fondly imagine it possible to reduce the laws of their science to simple geometrical propositions, equally applicable to every country on the face of the globe. But this axiom of modern philosophy, when too late, has been discovered to be an absurd ideality; and men are now slowly convincing themselves that every country must possess a system founded upon its own peculiar and inherent circumstances. Thus it is that their favourite theory, in this country at least, is found to be glaringly false in its practical application. With all our colonial outlets, notwithstanding our prodigious industry, we behold on every side more labourers than can find employment—more artificers than can earn a scanty subsistence; and where there is scarcely trade sufficient for the support of one tradesman, it is competed for by five or six. If facility of communication alone were sufficient to contribute to the material comforts of a people, what country in the world can be compared with our own? Why not attempt to improve our present hydrographical system, which has already cost the nation so many millions, rather than seek to create a new one, that would shake the social system to its very foundation, and further increase the misery of our already distressed people, by the substitution of a power that would entirely supersede horsepower, greatly diminish human labour, and thereby fearfully extend the sphere of action of that moral gangrene in our social system—a redundant unemployed population!

That the application of steam to locomotive machines is yet in its infancy, is, we believe, a position that no one will contest. The splendid success that has attended the trial of Sir C. Dance's steam-coach—which, upon a common turnpike-road, and dragging after it a weight of several tons, moved with a velocity of ten to fifteen miles an hour, and which has actually performed the journey from London to various places, far and near, with perfect ease, over *every variety* of ground—affords the strongest grounds for presuming that, in a mechanical age like the present, such a simplification in their machinery will sooner or later be effected as to admit of their application to the system of roads now in use.

There is likewise another important and but recently-discovered fact, that we think will make the nation pause ere they invest an immense capital in the construction of railways—which is the rather startling one that we have long overlooked a means of conveyance by our canals, nearly equal to them in rapidity, and, at the same time, much cheaper. It was long imagined that to propel a vessel along a canal at a great velocity would not only destroy the banks, but that also a greater expense would be incurred than the profits would cover. This universally received opinion has, however, by recent experiments, been found to be erroneous. On the Paisley canal, boats drawn by horses have been moved at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. These results are certainly of the greatest importance, shewing, as they do, that our present hydrographical system is capable of producing all the advantages attributed to railways.

In approaching this question we have done so without any particular bias against this new mode of communication. On the contrary, considered in the abstract, and even relatively, as applied to a new country unprovided with a hydrographical system of roads, we freely admit that it surpasses all others. But, as it has been finely observed by the great Montesquieu, it is by its influence on the whole system of society that the application of any new law or invention must be judged. Now, when we reflect upon the artificial state of the whole structure of English society, on the present social condition of the people, and the numerous causes that already diminish the material comforts, and allow due weight to the clashing of conflicting interests, and the financial burdens of the country, we do say that the introduction of railways should be sparingly sanctioned by the Legislature, lest, hurried away by an over-ardent and mistaken zeal for the good of posterity, we sacrifice the happiness of our own immediate contemporaries.

Since writing the above, we have received the report of a trial upon the common road of Sir Charles Dance's steam carriage; and as our readers will be able to form an accurate idea of the progress that is now making in such description of conveyance, we cannot do better than subjoin it.

"Report of the result of an experimental Journey upon the Mail Coach Line of the Holyhead Road, in Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Dance's Steam Carriage, on the 1st of November, 1833.

"Public attention having been attracted to the practicability of travelling with locomotive engines upon ordinary turnpike roads, by a report of a committee of the House of Commons, of the 12th of October, 1831, stating that, in the opinion of the committee, the practicability of such mode of travelling had been fully established; and, more recently, by a report of a journey to and from Brighton having been successfully performed by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Dance's steam carriage, as well as by the fact that the same carriage was daily in use between London and Greenwich, conveying numerous passengers through the crowded suburbs of the metropolis without the slightest inconvenience to the public,—we were desirous of personally making an experiment of the facility with which a carriage of that description could perform a journey of considerable length: and having selected the mail coach line of the Holyhead road for the purpose of such experiment, we made an arrangement with Sir Charles Dance for the use of his carriage, on Friday, the 1st inst.

"Before the carriage had proceeded six miles, one of the tubes of which Sir Charles Dance's boiler is composed was found to leak so fast as to render repair absolutely necessary: it was also apparent that the size of the engine was not sufficient to carry so great a weight along a heavy road at any high velocity. The weather was by no means favourable; but the average rate of travelling had been seven miles per hour.

"Thus there can be no doubt that, with a well constructed engine of greater power, a steam carriage conveyance between London and Birmingham, at a velocity unattainable by horses, and limited only by safety, might be maintained."

(Here follow the signatures of the engineers.)

THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES.*

THE most common and approved object which the novelist as well as the dramatist proposes to himself in the composition of works of fiction, is by means of a certain judicious combination of events, bearing a close analogy to those of ordinary life, "to hold the mirror up to nature, and to correct folly by exhibiting it." By a wise distribution of rewards and punishments, he in general seeks to engage the sentiments and feelings of the heart in favour of the virtues which form the binding principles of society, and to make the purposes of present amusement subservient to the inculcation of a sound morality and a virtuous resignation to the decrees of an over-ruling Providence. This disposition to find good in every thing is the great characteristic of our most esteemed writers of works of imagination. But the generality of modern French literature displays no claim to this character of utility, and is seldom ennobled or invigorated by this animating principle. The spirit of analysis, which is alike destructive of the brilliant illusions of the imagination and of the amiable sympathies and feelings of our own nature, has there invaded every department of literature, and has extended its blighting influence over all that was most captivating and seducing. "This," exclaims Mr. Balzac in his preface, "is the most analytic period of modern times; societies, governments, sciences—all is founded upon analysis." But while he thus bears testimony to, and deplors the existence of, this wide-spread malady, his own writings afford a still more forcible illustration of it. With no higher aim than that of producing present effect, he has turned the observation of a penetrating mind upon society, and has selected the moral evils and anomalies inseparable from its existence for the subject of his fictions. He is a metaphysical novelist—one who delights in speculations upon all dark and forbidden things, and in the agitation of those moral problems from which others shrink back with aversion. He applies himself to the defects and weaknesses of humanity, the interests and selfish calculations of the crowd of society, and he exhibits the play of the human passions with an energy and clearness which needs no ornament. In the selection and treatment of his subjects, he discovers great perspicuity of judgment, and a powerful talent of mind in abstracting and generalizing ideas. He possesses the art of uniting depth of reflection with the eloquence and vivacity of lighter writing. In his hands the simplest subject is invested with an absorbing interest, by the vigour of conception, the brilliancy of expression, and the skill and power of narration possessed by the artist in so eminent a degree. The strong truth of colouring, the exquisite choice of circumstances calculated to produce the deepest impression, and the infinite skill with which they are fused and brought to bear upon the dramatic situations, joined to the deep earnestness which

* Philosophical Tales of Balzac. Paris, 1832.

pervades the whole, give to his pictures a kind of fascination which captivates and enthral the mind of the reader in spite of its resistance. Our attention is forcibly arrested by the bold and novel style of delineation and the forcible energy of their expression. We gaze, and turn away dazzled and agitated by an indescribable sensation of pain and oppressiveness: and anon we feel compelled to revert to them, and again to contemplate their gloomy and forcible outlines. While he dwells upon the miseries of human life, the prejudices and weaknesses which render abortive the struggles of mankind after happiness, and those moral incongruities that are fostered and developed by civilization, the bitterness and contempt as impressed upon his language, and the caustic severity of his raillery, raises a profound feeling of melancholy for the despicable condition of the human race. One of his most powerful modes of producing effect is by sudden and abrupt contrast. If our hearts are moved by the most exquisite delineations of tenderness, loveliness, and goodness, our delight, like the festivity of the Egyptians, is presently marred by the sudden exhibition of a skeleton.

Having said so much of the peculiar style and manner of Mr. Balzac, we shall proceed to analyze the tales in which he has embodied his gloomy and mystic philosophy.

The first tale in the volume before us is entitled "Master Cornelius," a character evidently suggested by, though not strictly copied from, the Jingling Geordie of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*. Indeed, most of the personages who figure in the story have their prototypes in the *Waverley Novels*.

George D'Estonville, nephew of the Captain of the Archer Guard of Louis XI., has conceived a violent passion for the fair daughter of that prince, married to the aged and cruel Count de St. Valier. The old Count treats his young and uncomplaining spouse with all the barbarity which the most suspicious and vindictive jealousy can suggest. One of his measures of security is to select, for his dwelling-place, a house contiguous to that of the usurer, Master Cornelius Hoogworst, in the royal city of Tours.

"Cornelius Hoogworst, one of the richest merchants of Gand, having incurred the displeasure of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, had found an asylum and protection at the court of Louis XI. The king, aware of the use that might be made of a man connected with the principal houses of Flanders, of Venice, and of the Levant, had ennobled, naturalized, and even flattered Master Cornelius; a thing very unusual with Louis XI. But it happened that the monarch pleased the Fleming as much as the Fleming pleased the monarch. Both cunning, distrustful, avaricious, equally politic, equally intelligent: both in advance of the epoch in which they lived, they understood each other perfectly—laid aside and resumed, with the same facility, the one his conscience, the other his devotion; they worshipped the same Virgin, the one from conviction, the other from flattery:—in fine, if we are to believe the jealous reports of Oliver Le Daim and Tristam, the king was in the habit of repairing, for his amusement, to the house of the Lombard, but then the amusement was that of Louis XI. History has taken care to transmit to us the licentious taste of that monarch, who was no foe to debauchery: and, no doubt, the old Fleming found both pleasure and profit in lending himself to the capricious desires of his royal client."

This Master Cornelius is the object of very general execration to the good people of Tours, from the circumstance of his having accused five successive subordinates in his office of robbery, all of whom were tortured and executed, according to the summary justice of the times. His infamous celebrity passed into a proverb; and the words, "*You have passed before the Lombard,*" were used to signify unexpected calamity, fits of low spirits, and sudden mishaps; and were it not that the awful power of Louis XI. was extended, like a cloak, over his house, its demolition would have been inevitable. Hence the misanthropic Cornelius dwelt alone with an aged sister, who passed for a witch; and their lonely existence was invested with every thing problematical and mysterious. It is into the dread abode of this hated being that the young D'Estonville determines to enter, for the purpose of gaining access to the apartments of the Countess of St. Valier. Nothing daunted at the terrific fatality that seems to await all who pass its threshold, he boldly presents himself before the usurer, and, after the fitting preliminaries, is admitted. He profits by the night to procure an interview with his mistress, but on the following morning is delivered into the hands of the officers of justice, on the charge of robbery. The circumstances of his having forced open his window and quitted his apartment are considered sufficient grounds for a conviction, and he is led off to execution; but the Countess of St. Valier appears before her father, and while she exculpates her lover, details the jealous cruelty of her husband. Louis XI. undertakes himself to investigate the inexplicable mystery of the repeated robbery of his *protégé* Cornelius; and the result of his personal scrutiny is the discovery, that the usurer has been in the habit of visiting his treasure, and carrying off a part of it in his sleep. The king offers to put this beyond a doubt, by watching his nightly perambulations in person, on condition that he is to have the concealed treasure which he shall discover by this means. This proposal the old usurer attempts to evade, and proposes to his aged sister the task of watching him.

" 'Louis XI. and I,' said he, 'have just been giving each other the lie, like two rag-merchants. You understand, my child, that if he follows me, he alone will possess the secret of the treasure. None but the king can watch my nocturnal visits. I know not whether the conscience of the king, close as he is to death, could resist thirty millions of crowns. We must be beforehand with him; send all our treasures to Gand, and—so—you alone—'

" Cornelius stopped suddenly, seemingly weighing the heart of that sovereign who had ruminated upon parricide at the age of twenty two. When the usurer had judged Louis, he rose with the haste of a man who would escape an imminent danger.

" At this motion his sister, too weak or too strong for such a crisis, fell—she was dead!

" Cornelius seized his sister, shook her violently, saying, 'The business on hands was not *dying*—you would have had time enough for that afterwards. Oh, there's an end on't! The old baggage!—she never did any thing in time!'

" He closed her eyes and laid her on the bench; but then he returned to all the noble and good feelings which were at the bottom of his heart, and half forgetting his concealed treasure, 'My poor companion,' said he, dole-

fully, 'then I have killed you!—you who understood me so well. Oh, you were a real treasure! There it is—the treasure! With thee have fled my peace, my affections! If you did but know the advantage of living but two nights longer, you had not died, were it only to please me. Poor creature! Ha! Jane, three hundred thousand crowns! Ah! if that does not awake you—no—she is dead!'"

The discovery of his secret, the fear of losing his treasure, produce a mental malady, which ends in the destruction of the old usurer. He is constantly lost in an overwhelming thought, devoured by a desire which burns up his entrails, but more grievously torn by the ever-recurring anguish of the contest he has sustained within himself since his passion for gold had turned against itself. He had not the common consolation of the miser, of brooding over his treasure. At once the robber and the robbed, and without the secret of the one or the other, he possessed and possessed not his treasures—a new and fanciful species of torture, but ever terrific. In vain he uses the strongest narcotics—his vigils were most frightful; he was alone with silence and night, remorse and fear—with all those thoughts which men have embodied with most success. "At length," concludes our author, "that man so powerful, that heart so steeled by a political and commercial life, that genius unknown to history, yielded to the horrors of the torture which he had created for himself. Overcome by some thoughts more piercing than those he had resisted until then, he cut his throat."

Such is the story of Master Cornelius, a being who, we imagine, is meant to illustrate in his person the most vivacious and most materialized of all ideas—the idea by which man represents himself by a fictitious being, whom he creates, and calls "*Property*." The incidents are not very picturesque, but are skilfully narrated; and the politic character of Louis XI. is drawn with considerable power and fidelity.

Madame Firmiani, which follows it, is still less dramatic in its form; but sets forth in strong colours the false ideas, prevalent in society, with regard to the real nature of *debts*; and exhibits the meanness and dishonesty of those who consider themselves men of honour, and the wide spread misery they inflict by their thoughtlessness in contracting obligations. Madame Firmiani, a woman of feeling and discernment, fully impressed with those ideas, places them in their true colours before the eyes of her lover, and persuades him to merit her esteem, by sacrificing his remaining property for the payment of his debts, and by having the courage and honour to gain his livelihood by his own industry.

If the tale of Madame Firmiani is wanting in dramatic effect, it is only to give a stronger relief to that of the Red Inn, which is next in order. It is a tale of murder, under extraordinary circumstances, recounted by a German to the assembled company at an inn; and the violent impression it produces upon a rich army contractor of the party points him out as the perpetrator of the crime. The selection of the circumstances, the dramatic power of the narration, and the increasing strength of the indications of guilt betrayed by the murderer as the narrative proceeds, impart a profound interest.

Toward the close of October, 1799, two young assistant surgeons, on their route to join the army of Augereau, then stationed on the Rhine, arrive in the evening at an inn, in the little town of Andernech. While they are regaling themselves at supper, and talking over the scenes they have left behind them, with the gaiety and *insouciance* characteristic of the French soldier, they are joined by a new comer, in the person of a German merchant, who, it appeared, had been obliged to fly from the devastation of the invading army. The stranger seemed particularly careful of his valise; and, as the wine circulates, won by the frank and generous demeanour of the young soldiers, he declares his satisfaction at meeting with the protection of their company, as he has a hundred thousand francs, together with diamonds, in his valise. They retire to rest, and all sleep soundly, except Prosper Magnan, one of the surgeons, who is troubled with an unaccountable fit of *insomnolency*. When his thoughts insensibly took a bad direction, and could think on nothing but the sum of money beneath the pillow of the sleeping merchant.

To him a hundred thousand francs seemed an immense fortune, ready made. He began by laying them out in a variety of ways, building castles in Spain, as we all delight to do during those moments preceding sleep, at that hour when the intellect produces a confusion of images, and when, from the silence of the night, our imagination acquires a magic power. He fulfilled the wishes of his mother; he purchased the thirty acres of land; he married a young girl of *Beauvais*, to whom the disproportion of their fortunes had hitherto forbidden him to aspire. With this sum he laid out for himself an entire life of enjoyment, and beheld himself rich, happy, the father of a family, considered in his province, and, it might be, *Maire* of *Beauvais*. As his Picardish head grew inflamed, he sought the means of changing his fictions into realities. He used extraordinary warmth in combining a crime in theory; and while imagining the death of the merchant, the gold and the diamonds were distinctly before his eyes. He was dazzled by them, his heart beat quickly.—Perhaps deliberation was already a crime. Fascinated by that heap of gold, he grew morally intoxicated by the reasonings of the assassin. He asked himself, if that poor German had really any need of living? He supposed that he had never existed.—To be brief, he conceived the crime, so as to insure its impunity.

He rises, opens the windows, and disposes every thing for the commission of the dark deed. But as he is in the act of raising his arm for its accomplishment, he heard, as it were, a voice within him, and thought he beheld a light; so that he flings down the instrument, and retires. A complete reaction takes place within him; and, fearing to yield to the powerful fascination to which he was a victim, he jumps from the window, and, after fatiguing himself by walking backwards and forwards, returns to bed, thanking God for his deliverance. On awaking in the morning he beheld the murdered merchant by his side; and as he gazed upon his fixed and staring eyes, and on the blood which had soiled his own hands and clothes, and as he recognized his surgical instrument lying on the bed, he fainted away, and fell amid the blood of the merchant. Recollecting the horrible temp-

tation which he had had the strength to resist, he feared to have accomplished in his sleep, and in a fit of somnambulism, the crime which he had projected in his waking moments. His companion, it is was true, was nowhere to be found; but he deemed it impossible that he could have been the guilty person, and attributed his flight to terror. He is dragged before a court martial; circumstances and his own conscience are against him; and he is condemned and executed.

The highly dramatic part of the narrative is the detection of his companion, the real murderer, who has been one of the listeners to the tale. The proofs of guilt, which he betrays from time to time, as the consequences of his crime, are slowly developed; and the secret and mysterious manner in which the suspicion is generated in the minds of the audience, are painted with powerful skill and accuracy. Though he had been enabled by his crime to attain wealth and distinction, he has been ever a prey to the gnawing anguish of remorse, and at length sinks under its intenseness. The scene that follows, which is called the case of conscience, is strongly illustrative of the sarcastic bitterness of our author's style, and his profound contempt for the hypocrisy and duplicity of mankind. One of the hearers of the tale, who has been principally instrumental in detecting the guilt of the rich army contractor, finds that the girl of his affections is no other than the daughter and heiress of the murderer. Shall he marry her or not? This is a puzzling question, and it is thus he seeks for its solution:—

"Yesterday I brought together such of my friends as I conceived excelled most in probity, delicacy, and honour. I invited two Englishmen, a secretary to an embassy, and a puritan; an old minister in all the maturity of diplomacy; a few young people as yet invested with the charm of innocence; a priest, an old man; then my old tutor, a plain good man; an advocate, a notary, a judge; in fine, all social opinions, all practical virtues. We commenced by dining, conversing and shouting at a glorious rate, then at the desert I simply told my story and solicited good advice, concealing the name of my intended. 'Counsel me, my friends,' said I, when I had finished. 'Discuss the question at full length, as if it were a project of law. The balloting-box and balls will be brought you, and you may vote for or against my marriage with all requisite secrecy.'

"On a sudden a profound silence ensued.

"The notary excused himself. 'Is there a deed to be drawn?' said he.

"The wine had silenced my old tutor, and it became necessary to put him under tuition to prevent his meeting with accidents on his way home.

" 'I understand,' said I, 'to withhold your opinion, is to tell me energetically how I ought to proceed.' A movement took place in the company.

" 'Virtue like crime, has its degrees;' exclaimed a man of property, who had subscribed for the tomb and children of General Foy.

" 'Dolt!' said the ex-minister to me, in an undertone, and with a push of his elbow.

" 'Where is the difficulty?' said the Duke of S——, whose property consisted of the confiscated estates of refractory protestants at the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

"The lawyer rose:—'In law, the *point* before us is quite clear. The duke is right;' cried the organ of the law. 'Is there not prescription for it—where should we all be, if we were to examine the origin of fortunes?

This is a matter of conscience ; and if you are really desirous of bringing the case before a tribunal, go to the tribunal of Penance.'

"The incarnation of the Code was silent, sat down, and drank a glass of champagne.

"The man whose business it was to expound the gospel, the good priest, rose—

"'God has made us frail,' said he, with firmness. 'If you love the heiress of the crime, marry her ; but be content with the marriage portion, and give the residue of the father's property to the poor.'—'But,' cried one of those meddlers without pity, so often to be met with, 'most likely the father's good marriage was in consequence of his having acquired riches. Has not these, the very least of his enjoyments, been the fruit of his crime. The discussion is in itself a sentence.'—'There are things upon which a man does not deliberate,' cried my aged tutor, thinking to enlighten the assembly by a drunken sally.

"'Aye,' said the secretary of the embassy.

"'Aye,' cried the priest.

"Neither understood the other's meaning.

"A young doctrinaire, who had narrowly escaped being elected deputy, rose—

"'Gentlemen, this phenominal accident of our intellectual nature is one of those which rise strongest in relief from the conventional form to which society is subjected. Hence the decision to be come to ought to be an extemporaneous act of conscience, a sudden conception, an instinctive judgment, a fugitive emanation of our internal appreciation, quite similar to the revelations which constitute the sentiment of taste,—Let's vote.'

"'Aye, let's vote,' cried my guests.

"I handed two balls to each, one white, the other red. The white, the symbol of virginity, was to prohibit the marriage ; the red to approve of it.

"I abstained voting from a feeling of delicacy. My friends were seventeen in number—absolute majority nine. On opening the box I found nine white balls. This result did not surprise me ; however, I counted the number of young people of my own age, interspersed among my judges. These casuists were nine in number. They had all the same thought. Oh, oh ! said I, here is unanimity against my marriage. How shall I escape from this embarrassment ?"

After proceeding in this strain, the scene is closed by the pithy exclamation of the puritan—"Fool, why did you ask the father if he was born at Beauvais ?" (This question, be it understood, had led to the certainty of his having been the perpetrator of the crime.)

The "Biography of Louis Lambert," which immediately succeeds, is nothing more than a reproduction of some of the ideas and characters of his former work, "The Talisman," and a further exposition of the mystic metaphysics in which our author delights. The substance of his singular theory, often conveyed in language that escapes the comprehension of the reader, is the endowing of thought, with a living and corporeal form, to represent it as a physical power, accompanied by its innumerable generations. Will and thought he makes living forces, and these two powers are represented as becoming in a manner visible and tangible, and invested with all the qualities of living agents.

There is something extremely interesting in this species of idealization, but it too frequently reminds us of the wild vagaries of Swedenberg.

It is impossible to overlook the fact, that the moral cynicism every where pervading the works of Balzac sullies his happiest combinations, and has a most injurious tendency. All good feelings are excited only to accustom us to their speedy and complete extinction, and we are brought back from their highly coloured and theatrical exhibition to the solemn inculcation, the non-existence of lofty and virtuous principles of conduct, and the folly of expecting them; and all this served up with so much cleverness, wit, and knowledge of men's natures, as to make it irresistibly pleasant and plausible.

NO SOUND CAN AWAKE HIM TO GLORY AGAIN!

ON that lone barren isle, where the loud roaring billows
Assail the stern rocks while the wild tempests rave,
The hero lies still—and the dew-dropping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, bend over his grave :
The sea-storm may rage, and the hoarse thunders rattle,—
He heeds not,—he hears not,—he's free from all pain :
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle—
No sound can awake him to glory again !

O ! shade of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rush'd but to conquer when *thou* led'st them on ?
Alas ! they have perish'd, in far chilly regions,
And all but the fame of their triumphs is gone !
The trumpet may sound, and the cannon-peal rattle,—
They heed not,—they hear not,—they're free from all pain :
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,—
No sound can awake them to glory again !

Yet, spirit immortal ! the tomb cannot bind thee—
For like thine own eagles, that soar'd to the sun,
Thou spring'st from thy bondage, and leavest behind thee
Such fame as no mortal before thee had won !
Though nations may combat, where war-thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed shalt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle—
No sound can awake thee to glory again !

DEFENCE OF THE BOTTLE.

"Vina parant arsinous faciuntque caloribus aptos,
 Cara fugit multo diluiturque mera.
 Tunc veniunt risus, tunc paupes cornua sumit,
 Tunc dolor et auræ ruguque frontis abit;
 Tunc aperit mentes ævo rarissima nostro
 Simplicitas, artes excutiente deo."—DE ARTE AMANDI, Lib. 1.

"Wine cheers the genial heart, and warms the cold,
 Wine makes the mournful glad, the timid bold;
 Wine from the gloomy brow dispels the cloud,
 Wine makes the bashful free, the beggar proud;
 Frank as we pour the liquid magic down,
 Pains, cares, and sorrows in the bowl we drown;
 Resentment vanquished, softens into smiles,
 And honest truth succeeds to wonted wiles."—B.

My surprise was not a little excited, on falling in with the proofs produced by the venerable Trismegistus for the Progressive Degeneracy of the Human Race, to find that, although he has very properly supported his position by arguments drawn from the appetites of antiquity, and has given some respectable instances of the ready demolition of solid food, he has favoured us but with one example of ancient prowess in the dispatch of liquid, which would have suited his purpose infinitely better. Eating, though I allow it at times to be convenient, and even pleasant, is but a laborious and vulgar exercise in comparison with drinking. Nothing, in my opinion, more clearly shows the deplorable degeneracy of the present age than the disrepute into which hard drinking, or, as I consider it, sufficient drinking, has lately fallen. Many definitions have been given of man; as that of Plato, who described him as a two-legged animal, without feathers, which gave rise to the practical criticism of Diogenes, who, having plucked an unfortunate fowl, threw it into the academy, sarcastically saying "Behold the man of Plato." Others have respectively styled him a laughing animal, a weeping animal, a thinking animal—all doubtful, and not sufficiently marked distinctions. Have we not, also, laughing hyænas, weeping crocodiles, and learned pigs? Now I, Mr. Editor, define man to be a drunken animal, and, if it be hastily alleged against me that all men are not so, I triumphantly reply that, if they are not, they ought to be so occasionally. Whatever objections may be brought forward, it cannot, at least, be asserted amongst them that my subject is a *dry* one. And now to my proofs:—

The examples afforded by history are innumerable; the most celebrated princes, poets, generals, and philosophers were all drunkards. To begin with the Persians—Xenophon's model of a perfect monarch, the elder Cyrus, was so addicted to drinking, that we find in Herodotus, Queen Thomyris purposely leaving wine in his way, and then falling on him whilst quietly employed in discussing the contents of her hogsheads. Cyrus the younger, in his manifesto to the people of Asia, dwells with much complacency on his being able

to drink a greater quantity than his brother Artaxerxes, against whom he was marching; which alone, he insinuates, ought by all reasonable people to be esteemed a sufficient reason for placing him on the throne. The Greeks were still harder drinkers than the Persians, and we accordingly find that they conquered them. The ability of Philip on this score is well known; and it is a vulgar error to suppose that his son Alexander obtained the appellation of great by his victories: it was his exploits, not in the field, but at the table, which gained him so honourable a distinction. The dose by which he was rendered a martyr was the cup of Hercules, containing nearly four English quarts, which he intrepidly swallowed, without once taking breath.

It would be superfluous to adduce proofs to show that Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon—Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, were attached to the *amphera*, or bottle; the fire and spirit of their writings sufficiently declare it. Our own Byron was wont to say that gin-and-water was his only Helicon. But why confine myself to poets?—the polite and warlike Julius, the stoical Cato, and the amorous Anthony, all alike practised this virtue. So great a respect had the Romans for those who drank long and often, that some of their most illustrious families took their surnames from this admirable quality—such as Bibulus and others. The only redeeming trait in the character of the tyrannical Tiberius was his being a professed drunkard; whence his courtiers, to do him honour, instead of Tiberius Claudius Nero, complimentarily styled him Biberius Caldus Mero.

Two beverages, however, of antiquity I hold in utter abhorrence; namely, Spartan broth and old Nestor's negus; the last, as we learn from Homer, was composed of Pramnian wine mixed with goats'-milk cheese, and strewed with flour instead of nutmeg.

I shall be asked, what is the most proper time for indulging in the bottle? I answer that all hours and all occasions are equally suitable and convenient; and here I cannot forbear quoting, from a jovial poet of the last century, five excellent reasons for drinking:—

“ Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or least you should be by-and-by—
Or any other reason why.”

The last is absolutely conclusive. Wine is good alike for the mind and body, it clears the brain, inspires the wit, and helps digestion. The votary of Bacchus may be distinguished at a single glance, by his sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion, and brisk step; whereas the cold-blooded race of water-drinkers—unless they happen, indeed, to be, as some of my acquaintance, drinkers of *strong* waters—may be detected at first sight, by their hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, swollen paunch, and yellow tint.

In fine, if you are sad, drink—it will drive away sorrow; if merry, drink—it will enhance your joy; if you have much work on your hands, drink—it will lend you force to yet through it; if you have nothing to do, drink—it is better to get drunk than be idle. Idleness, not drunkenness, says the sage, is the mother of all the vices. The old should drink to comfort them, the young to keep them out of harm's way. Wine gives spirit and colour to women, and courage to men;

it lends strength to the weak, confidence to the bashful, and eloquence to the silent. Even misers may experience the vast advantage of drinking, though at their own expense; as they will be amply repaid for the money laid out in wine, by often having the satisfaction of seeing their heaps grow double before their eyes. I could, as will be readily admitted, fill whole volumes on this interesting topic; but not having wet my lips since I sat down, I can only find time for an original song, composed by me, not under the inspiration of Phœbus, but of Bacchus:—

SONG.

LET the soldier still talk of his honour and fame,
 Let him buy them with death if he will,
 Since fame's but a bauble and honour a name,
 The Bottle shall comfort me still.
 Oh, let him still follow where glory leads on,
 For a shade let him die in his prime;
 Let me, less ambitious, when daylight is done,
 O'er the Bottle kill nothing but time.
 Tell me not of friendship, true friends there are none,
 Take warning and bid them adieu;
 For soon will you find, when like summer-flies gone,
 No friend like the Bottle is true.
 Let the faint-hearted lover still pine in despair,
 Let him weep o'er his doubts and his fears;
 Oh, had he learnt wisdom, he'd drive away care
 With the Bottle's more genuine tears.
 Then no longer the vows of feigned friendship attend,
 Sue no more to a pitiless lass;
 So warm as the Bottle there is not a friend,
 Nor a mistress so sweet as the Glass.

HOGSHEAD.

SPECIMENS OF IRISH FAITH.

"GET up, Paddy a cushla," said Cathaleen O'Hanlahon to her husband, who lay snoring on his straw feather bed; "get up, I say, do that, an' go down to yer confesshin; there's all the boys in the parish runnin' away down to Father Mulcahy at the *chapple*, an' he forgivin' 'em, an' makin' 'em all as clane as new born infants, wid the holy water an' the absolushin; an' why wouldn't you go, an' get it, like the rest, I'd like to know? Arra, thin, do get up, there's a jewel; an' go down, an' tell your sins; the niver a one of yez has bent a knee to a priest since it's your own you made me; an' that's a good sivin year, come Easter, plaise God. So make haste up, an' run down for the absolushin, while it's a goin'; an' sure there's the next fair comin', when yer oath will be out against the whishkey. An' who knows what 'ud come at the bit iv a hubabaloo, that's to go, an' afore that same is over; for the Twomeys an' the O'Gallaghers are

raisin' murtherin' strong factions, an' you'l be in the middle iv it, as sure as paise is paise. Go, mavvurneen; go, an' don't be losin' the precious time."

"Och, Cathaleen," said Pat, turning himself round; "but it's myself that's ashamed to go there at all, at all, an' me bein' so long away from id. Wait asthore, till we sells the pig, an' thin, maybe, we'd have enough to pay the chapple dues for, by the rint; an' then who knows but Father Mulcahy would be aisy wid me. Though, by my own soul, it's myself that hav'nt much to tell his riverince, barrin' that bit of a job about Barney Dooley's game cock (which turned out afther all to be nothin' but a base born dunghill, the baste), an' the whiskey, an' that bit of a blow that broke Darby Hoolaghan's nose, when he attempted to kiss my gossip, Moll Cassidy, at the wake; an' that, too, at the very foot of the corpse—the blessins' iv the saints upon id!"

"Arra, Paddy a leagh, get up, an' git the absolushin, 'afore you heaps more sin upon yer poor sowl; do, an' St. Patrick's blessin' attend yez."

"Fait an' conscience, Catty, I believe it's yerself that's got the rights of id; an' be the same token I'll do yer biddin' in the regard o' the absolushin. So here goes, any hows."

Well, Paddy put on his best frize coat, took his Sunday hat and stick, and away he went to the "chapple;" where, after telling his sins, and obtaining the benefit of a handful of holy water, he received absolution, and returned home to his cabin, to tell Cathaleen all that passed, "or," as he said, "all, how, an' about id."

"Well, Paddy, my jewel," said Katty, "have yez got the absolushin? an' is ye clear intirely, dear?"

"By my soukins!" said Pat, "but it's myself that have got that same from the crown o' my head to the sowl o' my foot; but whisht! an' howld yer tongue, an' I'll tell yez all the rights iv id."

"Och! do, Paddy, a vic," says Katty, "for it's myself is dyin' to hear id all."

"Well, you see," said Pat, "I wint to the chapple, an' afther biddin his riverince the top o' the mornin', I douns on my marrow-bones, an' I ups an' I tells him all about Barney Dooley's game cock, an' how I was desaved in id, in the regard of it's bein' no game cock at all;—an' about the whiskey, an' the bit iv a blow as broke Darby Hoolaghan's nose; but the nivir a word myself let out regardin' the row that's to be at the next fair, plaise St. Patrick; an' why would I, in the regard of it's not bein' there yit, an', maybe, wou'dn't at all at all. Well, as I was a sayin', whin I had no more to say, he begins to scould me, an' toult me, it was looking afther the praties myself ought to be, instid iv stalein' game cocks, an' drinkin' the whiskey, an' the likes iv id. Well, a vourneen, I toult him I wou'dn't do id no more; so, afther abit, he giv' me the absolushin, clane an' decent, to the very heart's content iv me. An' faith, the moment he giv' id me, it was myself that felt as light as a feather; an' so, I thought, I'd make bowld an' thry an' get the laste taste in life iv informashin. 'An' so,' sis I, 'if yer riverince plaisses,' sis I, 'what 'il we be doin' in hiven?'

" 'Och!' sis he, 'we'll be singin' hems an' saams, and suppin' ambrozia.'

" Murther! but this bother'd me clane out, for the divil a bit iv me could make out what was ambrozia.

" 'Sur,' sis I, not knowing what I'd say, 'If your riverince plaíses, sur, what's ambrozia? for the niver a bit o' me ever tasted bite or sup iv id in all my born days—' sis I.

" 'Why,' sis he, 'ambrozia—ambrozia—you know is ambrozia.'

" 'Och! is it, sur?' sis I 'thank you kindly, your riverince; I understands it now intirely an' complate; (though the divil a wiser my self was all the time).

" 'Ah! thin, father Muluahy,' sis I, 'if you plaise,' sis I, 'will Oliver Cromwell be in hiven?'

" 'To be sure he will,' sis he, 'if he repinted iv his sins an' died in the throe church, like a good Catholic,' sis he.

" 'An', sur,' sis I, 'will Owen Rowan O'Neale be there?'

" 'There can be no manner of doubt iv that,' sis he, 'if so be that he confessed his sins, an' repinted an' got absolushin.'

" 'Will, thin, Father Muluahy,' sis I, 'you take this air (ear) down aff me,' sis I, 'but there'll be a row atween Owen Rowan O'Neale an' Oliver Cromwell.'

" 'What, you spalpeen,' sis he, in a tuntherin' big passion, 'what, a row afore all the saints, an' Saint Pathrick himself to the fore?'

" 'By my sowl,' sis I, 'Father Muluahy, Owen Rowan O'Neale will have one poultragne at Oliver Cromwell before Saint Pathrick himself (although he's got a good eye for a row, an' why would'nt he?) knows a single thing about it at all, at all, that he will.'

" 'Wid that, Father Muluahy was risin' iv the divils own heat and passhin; whin myself took to my throtthers, an' run off, afeard he'd take the absolushin aff me, an' the nixt fair so handy by, an' I to be in id, plaise the saints."

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potatoe-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's 'bud! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlan's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no, sis Terry! I must dig this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confesshin to Father O'Higgins, who houlds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick, "sure that 'ud wait, too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went over to Father O'Higgins, where he was shewn into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen-fire, when his

* An Irish chieftain much opposed to Cromwell.

attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it, an' it wou'd be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gorsoons at home, to say nothin iv meself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it—why wou'd I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," repeated he, "an' its nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? an' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kil't an' ruin'd, horse an' foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary at all, at all? By gaunies! I must thry an, make the best of it, any how," sis he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Och! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the like's afore, sur, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your Riverince, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like!"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Riverince, I wint one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' engaged, I was shewed into the kitchin to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin' in the chimby-corner. I looked at id, your Riverince, an' my teeth begin to wather. I don't know how id was, sur, but I suppose the Divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why then, your Riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your Riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God; but first an' foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home, rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

VISIONS.

I DREAMT that thou wert a beauteous dame,
 Who liv'd in the days of yore,
 And I thought that a myriad of suitors came,
 And knelt thy charms before ;
 Then I look'd on a brilliant tournament,
 And I heard the trumpet's strain,
 And a number of gallant knights were bent
 To strive on the martial plain :
 There was a laurel crown, and the favour'd knight
 Who bore that prize away
 Might claim the hand of thy beauty bright,
 On the eve of that joyous day ;
 And I thought that I was a warrior bold,
 And *I won the laurel crown*—
 'Twas dearer to me than a wreath of gold,
 At thy feet I laid it down.

Again I dreamt—and methought that I
 Was a proud young cavalier,
 Who liv'd in the glance of his lov'd one's eye,
 And thou wert the one most dear ;
 We dwelt in the sunny land of Spain,
 And a thousand gallants strove
 The heart of thy virgin breast to gain,
 Yet thou gav'st to me thy love :
 And I came to thy balcony's jutting shade,
 By the light of the moon and star ;
 And I warbled a pensive serenade
 To my lightly-struck guitar :
 I bore thee away in the dreamy night,
 To the holy altar's side ;
 And there, in thy garments of snowy white,
I made thee my blessed bride.

I breathe to thy beauty my true heart's sigh,
 And thou seem'st, to my waking gaze,
 As fair as thou wert to my dreaming eye
 When a nymph of the olden days ;
 And I love thee as well as I lov'd in my dream,
 When I thought thee a maiden of Spain,
 And sung, by the light of the starry gleam,
 To my sweet guitar the strain :
 Though the dazzling pageants of vision have fled,
 The star of my dreaming is here ;
 And though fancy's illusions around it were spread,
 'Tis as fair—to my soul 'tis as dear :
 If the spirit of life from my bosom should flee,
 And unto yon far heaven stray ;
 Though bright as the heaven of my dream it should be,
 'Twould avail not if thou wert away.

J. B. R.

MARIE TÊTE DE BOIS, THE SUTTLE.

"THAT I am not handsome may be very possible ; but this I can boast, that I am the daughter, wife, mother, and widow of a trooper." She who invariably made this answer to all those who, with very little gallantry but not without reason, accused her of being not the most lovely of women, displayed during forty years more disinterested zeal in the service of France than many illustrious personages who, at the period of her death, talked loudly of their devotion.

Marie Tête de Bois was a suttler ; not one of those "*petite maîtresse*" as they were facetiously called in the French army, who possessed a horse and cart, who regularly changed their linen, and who carried on their business, commodiously seated in their vehicle, sheltered from the wind and rain. Marie went on foot like her customers, and wore the garter and the "*soulier à poëllettes*" of the infantry soldier. She smelt strongly of brandy, of tobacco, of garlic—of every thing, in fact, that is peculiar to a regiment on its march under every change of good or bad weather. When Marie spoke, in order to be certain that the words that struck your organs of hearing emanated from the mouth of a woman, it was absolutely necessary to fix your eyes with some degree of intensity upon her tri-coloured petticoat, the only insignia of her sex ; for, without this precaution, you might have supposed they proceeded from a moustacioed dragoon. Marie's face strongly resembled one of those wooden blocks that are still to be seen in the shops of village barbers ; the nose of which had been knocked off and the mouth widened. Hence her *nom de guerre* of Marie Tête de Bois. Her ideas of cleanliness were peculiar. One morning at the bivouac, a soldier remarked to her by chance, at the moment she was pouring out a dram, that the only small glass she used in her trade bore visible traces of the negligence of the customers who had preceded him ; Marie was observed to thrust her four fingers and thumb into the glass, and, by sundry rotatory movements, apeing the manner of a Parisian waiter ; then holding it up to the light, "There, you rascal," said she, "there's a sparkler fit for the Emperor!"

Our heroine was born at the Hôtel des Invalids, long before the revolution. Her father, who had lost his sight in the service, was a pensioner ; and we must suppose that it was owing to the blindness of her parent that she owed the knowledge of a host of things women scarcely learn before arriving at the age of maturity.

She made her first campaign with the army of the Meuse and Sambre. Growing tired, to use her own forcible expression, of giving the "bell'ful" to her old father, she took flight under the protection of a dummer, who flattered himself he had the honour of leading the French guards to the charge. Not that Marie was ungrateful ; she possessed an excellent heart, and so long as her father lived, she regularly sent him her little savings. But she was kept too closely at the "hôtel ;" and feeling herself born for independence, she left to her mother, a washerwoman, the care of administering to the wants

of the author of her existence. Marie was always to be found at the head of the regiment of her adoption. On the day of battle hers was always the post of danger—for the word danger was not in her vocabulary. More than twenty times she had seen renewed the *demie brigade* in which she *served*; for Marie was a good shot, and could at a pinch handle the bayonet with the best of them. With these warlike predilections, it is not surprising that she held in the most sovereign contempt those of her companions who, during the short intervals of peace that Napoleon left Europe, had so little respect for themselves as to exercise the trade of washerwomen. Marie took to herself a husband at Verona, during the campaign of 1805. This happy mortal was a grenadier and a philosopher, for he never aimed at any higher distinction in this world. Passionately fond of the merchandize in which his wife traded, he was her best customer; and the height of his ambition was to resign himself to its influence, whenever Marie would allow him. Such was the empire she exercised over this worthy man, that fierce as he was with his comrades, and brave in the presence of the Austrians, with her he was gentle as a lamb. When he married her she changed not her name; on the contrary, she gave hers to her husband, who was very seriously called "Monsieur Marie."

The result of this tender union was an interesting addition to the bivouac at Marengo. He was an honour to his parents, and in due time was made a drummer. At ten years of age he began to threaten his father with his drum-sticks, and reimbursed, in good style, his mother for the blows she so liberally bestowed upon her husband when he was drunk. At fifteen years he received a firelock of honour; and at twenty, a sub-lieutenant's commission for a brilliant exploit. From that moment he was observed to reform. When her trade was dull, he shared his pay with his mother, and always filled her keg with brandy, if she was without the means of procuring it.

One day Monsieur Marie had the singular *mal-adresse* to allow himself to be killed; this unhappy bereavement occurred at Montmirael, in 1814. Marie had long lost both her parents; but a more terrible blow was reserved for her by cruel fate.—Her son was cut in two by a cannon-ball, in the same year, under the walls of Paris. When the fatal intelligence reached her, she was dealing out brandy to the troops on the heights of Montmatre. Overwhelmed with grief, she rushed to the spot where her child had fallen, and finding his dissevered remains, she took them upon her shoulders, with the intention of carrying them for interment to the nearest church. On her way thither she was struck by a musket-ball, and remained upon the field. Fortunately she was discovered by some soldiers, who conveyed her, with her melancholy relics, to the nearest "ambulance." She recovered; and from that period Marie, who was not proud, used to show, with exultation, the place that bore the scar of the wound she had received.

France was restored, and Marie ruined by the peace—deprived of every resource—she was at last obliged to overcome her aversion to the trade of washerwoman; but in order not to entirely lose her old customers, she took up her quarters near one of the barracks of the

capital. The emperor returned from Elba. Marie, overjoyed at the event, sold her irons, slung her keg across her shoulder, and set out on foot for Lille, where she found a general of the Old Guard who knew her. She received a sutler's licence, and was attached to the guard, who received her in a manner worthy of herself. Mary had recovered all the freshness of youth—she was triumphant—and carried with pride her little tri-coloured keg. Fortune had, however, resolved to betray her.

It was never her custom to remain in the rear with the baggage. At Fleurus, therefore, in the thickest of the *melée*, she was knocked down and trampled under foot by a squadron of English dragoons returning from an unsuccessful charge; notwithstanding the hurts she received, she was, nevertheless, present on the morning of the 18th on the fatal field of Waterloo.

From the very commencement of the affair, she appeared to have a presentiment of a defeat, and even communicated her fears in a low tone of voice to those around her. In the afternoon, foreseeing that she should not much longer have to deal out her brandy to her comrades, she resolved to look upon the emperor once again, and having gratified her wish, she returned where the fire was hottest. About half-past seven in the evening, Marie was in the centre of one of the squares of the Guard, distributing her drams gratis, and her consolations to the wounded, who were too numerous to be carried off the field. At eight o'clock, when the fatal cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" was heard, a bullet struck her in the side, and passed through her keg and her body: she fell, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Five minutes afterwards, as she was crawling towards a wounded grenadier, on whose body she sought to pillow her head, a spent ball struck her in the face, and horribly disfigured her. Still her spirit was unsubdued, and wiping the blood from her mouth, she cried, "*Vive la France!*" A wounded grenadier, the same on whom she intended to lay her head, recognized her voice, and raising himself up with difficulty, asked how it was with her? Poor Marie answered, with a forced smile, "I am the daughter, wife, mother, and widow of a trooper;"—and she expired!

TO THE WOODBINE.

How gracefully around yon trellised bower
The spiral Woodbine twines its slender stem,
Blushing with many a bright and starry gem,
Shedding the sweetness of its fragrant flower!
Around and round its pliant tendrils twine,
Like a fond infant, longing to be prest
More closely to its mother's teeming breast,
With pure affection's sympathy divine.
How modestly to each soft breeze it quivers,
Basking its dewy eyelids in the sun,
Bathing its pearly lashings 'neath the moon,
Until the winter comes, and then it withers!
Affection thus, around the heart most cherished,
Twines till the loved or loving one hath perished.

CASTLE COPPET AND MADAME DE STAEL.

COPPET—MADAME DE STAEL—M. DE ROCCA—CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE
OF THEIR MARRIAGE—MAD. DE BOMBELLES, THE ORIGINAL OF
CORINNA—LORD LIVERPOOL—EDWARD GIBBON.

Geneva, June, 1833.

I HAVE certainly been disappointed in the Château. Eynard's magnificent mansion at Geneva is not worse placed than the vast and otherwise imposing edifice, once inhabited by the celebrated author of *Corinna*. Not more than a hundred feet from the shores of the *Leman*, it is deprived of all view of the lake, by the small dirty and disagreeable town of Coppet intervening. Even the view of the glorious mountains, on the opposite coast of Savoy, by the generous self-denial of the founder has been wholly reserved for the enjoyment of the domestics in the upper stories; while the best prospect afforded the principal rooms is the distant nook wherein the unromantic town of Geneva strives to conceal itself from too liberal observation.

Yet Coppet, with its more material enjoyments, was not ill-suited to Madame de Staël, who possessed no unfavourable opinion of the tangible, edible comforts of life; and who set no inferior value on a well-served board than on the ruder magnificence of the *Mer-de-Glace* (Mother Glass, as Kitchener characteristically translated it), or the tranquil retreats of woody *Val-Ombrosa*."

It is now many long years since that, undistinguished by political notoriety; as yet unhonoured by his memorable duel with General *Donnadieu*, where the lame combatants fought in arm-chairs; unnoticed by the rejection of *L'Académie Française*; and long ere he was immortalized "by the sorrow of the Chamber of Deputies, on his decease being inscribed on its minutes," Benjamin Constant, then known only as one of the "small deer" of literature, but afterwards acknowledged as the "*Encyclopédie Ambulante*," aspired to build a better reputation on the broader basis of Madame de Staël's fame, supported, as it was, by the memory of her father. In so far as marital rights went, his fervent solicitations were rejected. Madame de Staël's ardent attachment to liberty, not being wholly given to mankind, was largely reserved for her own private use, until De Rocca (unwon himself) "came, saw, and conquered."

The circumstances attending their union were somewhat singular. She first met him in the year 1808, at a ball given by M. Hottinguer, at Geneva. He was then a captain in the French service; she in the earlier enjoyment of the brilliant success which attended her "*Corinna*." With an extravagant sense of her proper merits (considerable as they confessedly were); imperious of character, and dictatorial in discourse, she exacted and obtained, from the frankness or policy of others, unbounded attention, admiration, and applause in her own land: and nervously jealous of producing a sensation wherever she appeared, she required that at her dictum every head should bow, like the simultaneous abasement of white wigs, at the termination of a judgment in Banco. On the occasion

referred to, however, one apparently but of moderate pretensions to rank, wealth, or influence, either from taste, affectation, or indifference, gave no sign of the impression she made upon the rest of the society. This was of itself sufficiently a substantive crime in her sight, unaided, as it was, by the adjective offence of his declaring, loud enough for her to hear (although unintentionally perhaps), '*Elle est bien laide !*' The good-humoured smile of O'Gorman Mahon, when bowed out of the house by Mr. Speaker ; the calm courtesy of a division of Irish Whiteboys, could alone compete with the expressive philosophy of the fair one's features, as she inquired the name of the rebellious auditor, and swore, by the memory of her sire's budget, to be avenged. Napoleon, however, who, unwittingly on his part it must be owned, influenced her flight into England, by the route of Germany, Russia, Sweden, and sea-sickness, was, happily or unhappily for her, just then rather more potent than revenge, strong as it is in woman in general, and gigantic in Madame in particular ; for the next day, by imperial order, Captain De Rocca was on his way to Spain, to aid the cause of Joseph and usurpation. The Spaniards, however, expressed their opinions on the subject with so much warmth and tenacity, that the troops with whom he marched were exposed to dreadful loss and extreme suffering for a lengthened period, particularly in the Ronda : the description of which has been graphically as neatly given by De Rocca, in the statement he published ; and wherein singular justice is rendered to the merits of the British army—singular, as coming from an officer in the French service ; but far more singular, from that officer being a Swiss. Years elapsed, and "*tempus edax rerum*" had also made a partial meal of the ire of Madame de Staël, without entirely consuming it, when accident again threw her in the way of the unsusceptible soldier ; but he was sadly changed. Repeated wounds, severe fatigue, and hard privation had brought sorrow and care upon him ; her better feelings were awakened ; and pity jostled vengeance from its already tottering throne. She proposed to him to become her amanuensis ; and, more gifted by talent than by fortune and her niggard sister French half-pay, he was placed upon the establishment of "the most considerable woman of her age"—as Mike Kelly, of musical and vinous memory, loved to describe the portly Billington. Years were with her—the green leaf of her laurel were fast turning yellow—friends were not then what they once were ; and the society of De Rocca became daily more necessary to her happiness ; and she offered him her hand, which, it has been said, he accepted less from love than gratitude. Be it as it may, the intellectual qualities of Madame de Staël soon superseded the consideration of more fading charms ; and, having given birth to a son, her death was a bereavement he had not strength to endure. In the calm retirement of private life, where the allurements to display were wanting, and ambition and rivalry unrequired, all her happier qualities unaffectedly shone forth ; giving happiness to his home, and comfort to his life ; and when she died, the world became a blank in his sight, and even his affection for his child could not prevent his sinking under the privation.

The old De Rocca was one of the most eccentric characters in Geneva, and subject to singular fits of abstraction. On the decease of his wife (the mother of Madame de Staël's husband), his friends contrived to keep alive in him a sense of his duties on the day of interment; and, with wonderful decorum, he managed to get as far as the burial-ground, without the gates of the city. On the return of the procession, the old gentleman abruptly turned into the fields; and wholly forgetful of the proper observances, entered the city by a different gate to that by which the mourners had returned, where he was met by a friend, who, with a look of sorrow, and in a tone of sympathy, inquired after his health. "Much better, I thank you, than I was this morning," he replied; "the agreeable walk I have taken has quite refreshed me. There is nothing, certainly, like country air for exhilarating the spirits." In the evening of the same day, examining the cards of invitation on his mantle-piece, in a semilucid interval, he found one for a soirée, to which he unhesitatingly proceeded.—"The party is put off, sir," was the announcement of the servant, in reply to his knock.—"On what account, pray?"—"By reason of the death of Madame De Rocca, my mistress's dearest friend."—"Madame De Rocca! my wife? ha! Very true—very true. Make my compliments to your mistress, and say how excessively grieved I am that—the party has been deferred."

It is somewhat remarkable that, in her portraiture of the accomplished Roman improvisatrice, Madame de Staël drew limitedly, if at all, on her imagination; but found her model in real life. She referred to the friend and companion of her early years (Mlle. Braun, a Danish lady), who fully justified, in her person, the beauty and accomplishments ascribed to Corinna. At the early age of thirteen she was already celebrated for her knowledge of various modern languages, in all of which her poetical productions received, as they merited, the very highest praise. Her personal charms were of the very first order; and her intellectual qualities rare and distinguished. Her form was exquisitely graceful; and in the higher walk of dramatic art, her representations were given with truth of expression and depth of feeling, only commensurate to the elegance of action, propriety of gesture, and rich yet delicate tone of voice by which they were accompanied. Her improvisations received the utmost applause, even from the jealous Romans; and Canova, who transferred the poetry he loved to marble, used to listen with rapture to the Scandinavian songstress; and disdained not to confess that the beauty of his productions were enhanced by the study of her unrivalled grace of form and attitude. She accompanied Madame de Staël to Rome, and there it was (as I believe) she met with the Count Ludwig de Bombelles, but recently ambassador from the court of Austria to that of Tuscany, to whom she became united. Of Madame de Staël's hero little can be said; but she probably erred less from ignorance than advisedly in her delineation of the British noble, in compliance with the enthusiastic predilection of the French (to whom Buonaparte gave example) for the monotonous melancholy of Young's *Night Thoughts*, and the maudlin sublimity of Ossian. Of the latter she herself could have had no

very contemptible opinion, as, with an extraordinary degree of critical acumen and of rare instruction, she observed to an astonished literary character of our land, "that the gloom of his poetical countryman, Milton, was undoubtedly due to his frequent perusal of Ossian." The mighty bard, had he been present, might have reasonably adopted the expedient she relates in her "Allemagne," of the German who, in despair of inspiriting himself by other means, threw himself out of a two pair of stairs window—*pour se faire vif*—a Swiss stricture on Teutonic dulness. Madame de Staël was, however, a brilliant exception to Helvetic stolidity of spirit; and often, as I have heard, successfully handled the foils with the wittiest diplomatist and most diplomatic wit of his age. It is true that, not content with the admiration accorded to her genius, she depended on her personal attractions for a softer impression on those she sought to win, although they were scarcely adapted to the effect she desired to produce. It was at the felicitous epoch of the ambassador's nuptials that she hazarded the question "Whether, if they both fell into the water, he would save her or Madame T——?"—"Why, Madam, you are, probably, the better swimmer of the two!" was the adroit reply that, if unsatisfactory to the lady's self-love, had somewhat of charity for its apology. The unsusceptibility of the minister's soul, in refusing to accede to the protocols and conferences of the god of love, but led the deity to aim his shafts at a higher mark; and, it is said, that she strove to influence the destinies of France and the happiness of Josephine, by uniting sentiment to talent in her endeavour to sway the feelings of the First Consul of the Republic. The dictatorial tone of her conversation, her unqualified temerity in discourse, her utter distaste of all feminine grace of manner, and the want of personal charms to redeem those faults, operated on Buonaparte as they did on Lord Byron, and proved more than an antidote to admiration. It must have been amusing to behold the impatient peer, in the recess of the window, looking on the blue waters of the lake, and listening to one more blue. Her tenacity of purpose, in assuring herself the attention of Buonaparte by evil report, when good had failed her, at length tended to irritate him; and "the signs of the times" were not unobserved by those by whom he was surrounded, and friends fell from her. "It is said that rats will timely abandon a falling house," was her observation; "if it be true, my disgrace is certain as Monsieur de T—— has bid me *adieu sans retour*!" Disappointed in the first objects of her ambition, and having but excited distaste where she purposed to offend, she called fancy to her aid, and invented proposed persecutions, which existed but in her imagination; and relying rather upon the presumed importance of her writings than on their real effect or imperial consideration of them, she resolved to abandon Switzerland, and seek safety in England. If even the affectation of fear in woman can amuse, there would be much of the ridiculous in the gratuitous menaces, the hypothetical treasons, and unreal dangers which attended her flight; but she was somewhat recompensed by the increase of interest they conferred on her character; and, armed with a due quantum of eulogy on Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, Habeas

Corpus, and Trial by Jury, she gained our shores in safety. At first Dominie Sampson's exclamation would have well described it; but she was too profuse of exhibition, and, ere long, "the venerable father of the English bar," as my Lord Vaux described him, for whose white locks and unearthly phraseology she had taken an affection, absolutely locked himself in, to avoid her everlasting palaver. She, however, awakened the curiosity of his late Majesty (then Prince Regent) to see and hear her; and she was somewhat recompensed for the neglect of the wholesale manufacturer of constitutions, by being invited to meet his Royal Highness at Fife House, then the residence of the late Earl of Liverpool. Cognizant that law, physic, and divinity—"Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses" could furnish for discussion, she entered upon an elaborate dissertation on the constitution and then existing merits of the House of Lords; when, abruptly interrupting her analysis, she demanded "By the way, my Lord, what has become of Lord Hawkesbury, whose speeches were my aversion, as the most stupid ever, perhaps, uttered in the Chamber of Peers?" The simple and dignified confession made by the Earl, of "I am the man!" interrupted the lady's lecture for nearly one third of a second. "The first gentleman in Great Britain," if politely, intelligibly expressed his disappointment; and the mention of it, by a good-natured friend, little tended to an increase of serenity in the Lioness.

A younger son of Madame de Staël entered the Swedish service, and a treatise, in reprehension of the practice of duelling, which she wrote, was understood to have been intended for his use; but he had unfortunately previously decided on the subject, as the news of his death, in a private rencontre, reached his mother, at the moment of giving her work to the world. A third son was drowned in the Lemman; and the young De Rocca survives, the inheritor, as it is said, of much of his mother's wit and talent.

The story goes, that the portly and voluminous Gibbon was an admirer of Madame de Staël's mother. He so ardently and imprudently pressed his suit to Mademoiselle Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker), that he rashly operated a genuflexion, which would have left him an eternity in which to declare his passion, had not his considerate mistress summoned the servants to elevate her learned and unwieldy lover from his unhappy "Decline and Fall." I met, the other day, at Lausanne, a Madame Du Bri, who informed me (and I think I can rely on her representation), that she well remembers Gibbon, and had often beheld him, on the occasion of his visits to his friend, M. de Severy, of Lausanne. An accident he had met with, in slipping on the pavement, had produced much personal deformity, of which he was so sensible, that, when the sedan-chair, which bore the bulk of instruction, arrived at M. de Severy's door, the historian declined to quit it, until due notice was given to the females of the mansion to avoid his presence, on his way to the library of his friend. Madame du Bri asserts positively, that the strictest attention to the duties of religion were enforced in his house by the order of Gibbon; which is strange, as the epoch she refers to is apparently that of the completion of that work which is so much

at variance with its precepts. He once asserted, at Brookes's, in the presence of Fox—it was in the year 1779, I think—that there was no salvation for Great Britain but in the gentle remedy of cutting off the heads of six of the then ministry, and having them laid on the table of the House of Commons! Whatever were the cause, six weeks subsequently he accepted office, and assured himself a pension from the same ministry!

Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, De Staël—all have celebrated the beauties of the Leman. Well! take the Vaudois cotter, even of this our day; regard the tone and temper of his career; and view the “fair humanities” of his humble home: the picture is neither rare nor distant. Then turn to the palace of the philosopher of Ferney; and “the malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness” of its once possessor; the heart-corroding jealousies, the torturing susceptibility, and domestic degradation of Rousseau; the veering opinions of Gibbon, and his habitual discontent; the ever-unsatisfied vanity of Madame de Staël, demanding, in vain, the unqualified admiration of a world, more frequently tempted to smile than to applaud. Cast up the account of good and ill on either side, and say where lies the balance of life's better and more enduring enjoyments?

THE PAST IS POETRY.

THE Past is Poetry!—the rudest sound
That ever broke on Echo's sleepless ear
Will fade to far-off harmony, before
It altogether die. The ambient air,
That near us undulates all unperceived,
When far away assumes the hue of heaven,
And to a dome of azure marble grows,
Looking as it could never know decay.
The Past is Poetry!—the deeds, the days,
The feelings, thoughts, and phantasies of Eld,
Sown thickly o'er the memory, spring up
As odorous flowers to frame a wreath of song;—
Yea more! for some there be of nature blest,
Whose rich balsamic virtue ministers,
Nor vainly, “ministers to minds diseased.”
Hence the remembrance of an action kind,
Done in our boyhood, like the prayer of morn,
Sustains and soothes us through Life's weary day!
And therefore did the ancient Poet feign
Mnemosyne the mother of each Muse.

THE SKY-LARK!

Whither away, companion of the sun,
 So high this laughing morn? are those soft clouds
 Of floating silver, which appear to shun
 Day's golden eye, thy home? or why 'mid shrouds
 Of loosen'd light, dost thou pour forth thy song?
 Descend, sun-loving bird! nor try thy strength thus long.

Ambitious songster! soaring merrily,
 Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's flow,
 Rolling along the clouds celestially,
 And echoing o'er the hill's oak-waving brow;
 Across the flood, whose face reflects the sky,
 And thee, a warbling speck deep-mirror'd from on high.

And thou has't vanish'd singing from my sight—
 So must this earth be lost to eyes of thine;
 Around thee is illimitable light—
 Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine
 Bright as above; thine is a glorious way,
 Pavilion'd all around with golden-spreading day!

The broad unbounded sky is all thine own,
 The silver-sheeted heavens thy free domain;
 No land-mark there—no hand to bring thee down,
 Sole monarch of the blue etherial plain;
 To thee is airy space far-stretching given,
 Broad and unmeasured as the boundless vault of heav'n!

And thou art gone, perchance to catch the sound
 Of angel voices heard far up the sky;
 And wil't return harmonious to the ground,
 Then with new music, taught by those on high,
 Ascend again, and carol o'er the bowers
 Of woodbines waving sweet, and wild bee-bended flowers.

Lov'st thou to sing alone, above the dews?
 Leaving the nightingale to cheer the night,
 When rides the moon, chasing the shadowy hues
 From list'ning vales, far stretched in silent night;
 She veils her head, while thou art with the sun,
 Looking beneath on hills, and woods, where deep streams run.

Lute of the sky, farewell! 'till I again
 Climb these cloud-gazing hills, thou must not come
 To where I dwell, nor pour thy heav'n-caught strain
 Above the curling of my smoky home;
 Others may hear thee, see thee, yet not steal
 That joy from thy glad song, which it is mine to feel.

“ NOTHING LIKE LEATHER ! ”

“ By Heaven ! ” cried my father, “ I have not one appointment belonging to me which I set so much store by as I do by these boots. ” — TRISTRAM SHANDY.

I NEVER knew but one man who was really attached to hessian boots. It was my friend S——, and his attachment amounted almost to reverence. He always wore them summer or winter. Although a martyr to the gout, his respect for hessians overcame all desire for an easy shoe, when his fit was at the highest. I have seen him writhe with pain under the infliction, and yet smile complacently at the polished calf of his favourite leather. When night came, a stranger might observe his ruffled temper, as he encountered the boot-jack and slippers; they were to him the heralds of departing bliss. He sighed as he drew them off; and woe to the person whose business it was, if the boots were not in readiness in the morning at the moment he required them! Yet he was not punctilious in his dress; he wore not hessian boots for their smartness; he cared little whether they were clean or dirty: his love had a deeper root—it sprung from gratitude.

It is extraordinary how chance or mishap may suddenly bring to light the most inestimable qualities in very common and, to all appearance, very trifling things. Hood has immortalized a wig as “ a life-preserver,” a property few could have guessed at. The wearer, falling into the clutches of some wild Indians in the back-woods of America, was sentenced to be scalped; and the operation was quickly performed—but the knife passing fortunately between the scull and the frizzled top-knot, the artificial scalp came off in the Mohawk grasp, thus leaving the proprietor minus only his wig.

To pass from the head to the heels, it would be difficult to conceive how a pair of hessian boots could have rendered so important a service to my friend S——; yet they did. They were a life-preserver to him, and he treasured them accordingly—but let him tell his own tale.

“ I dare say,” said he to me one day, after an affectionate glance downwards, “ I dare say you wonder at my fondness for hessian boots, but I am bound to them from respect to myself and family. But for these bits of leather, sir, I should not be standing before you at this moment: they saved my life, sir. Thirty years ago (it was the winter of 18—), I was riding a little cross-grained chesnut cob over my own farm, when the beast making a sudden start, I was thrown off my guard and off the horse at the same moment. Well! instead of standing still (the horse I mean), as he should have done, he scampered away, as fast as his legs could carry him, across a forty-acre field; and what is worse, sir, my right foot hanging in the stirrup, he dragged me along with him. Luckily for me, there had been a heavy fall of snow, which doubtless saved me many broken bones; but, what was a hundred times more fortunate, I was wearing hessian boots, sir. Well—when we had got to the opposite hedge,

what with rolling and tumbling over and over, I had become a perfect snow-ball; and, luckily for me again, there was a ditch, which as I slid in, my foot slid out—out of my boot I mean; and away went the cob, boot and all. Well—there I laid a senseless lump of snow; and, God knows, but for one circumstance, I might have laid there till the thaw came. It so happened that my eldest boy was out, wandering about with a gun shooting rooks and crows, and such like, and passing near the spot where I laid, he up with his gun at what he thought was a crow on the edge of the bank. Now, what do you think it was, sir? it was nothing more nor less than my left hessian boot, the only visible part about me; rather a critical moment, you'll say, if I could have known the rights of it; but, luckily for me, I was insensible. If I had moved my foot the least in the world, he'd ha' shot me as sure as a gun; but the boot was quiet; so he was doubtful of wasting a charge of powder and shot, and crept up towards it, holding his gun ready all the while. Well!—in course he knew his father's boot, when he come close, and wondered how it come there. Well! he tugged and pulled but all to no purpose—there it stuck; he little knew at the moment that his father's leg was inside. However, by this time, assistance was at hand; my horse it appeared had excited some surprise at home, where he had found his way, with my boot hanging at the stirrup; so one and all set out in search of their master; but my belief is they'd never have found me, if my hessian boot had not shewn itself above the snow. Well, sir! I was carried home and thawed inside and out, and luckily for me, very little damage done. Now, sir, I conceive my life was saved, in the first place, by my right boot coming off; and, secondly, by the left boot keeping on: and I'll only appeal to you as a man of feeling, whether, after such a warning as this, it does not become me to wear hessian boots for the rest of my life!"

T. W.

PROSE AND POETRY.—No. I.

THE FOREIGN MINSTREL.

I AM a great street-walker: I have spent days, nay weeks, in doing nothing but strolling about the streets, and, when the humour seizes me, become a perfect vagabond in my courses. Nevertheless I abominate all common thoroughfares and general haunts; the press and throng, whether of commerce or of fashion, are alike odious in my view; and Piccadilly and Cheapside are to me forbidden ground. On the contrary, I love to wander in some unfrequented district—along the narrow dull lanes of the City, for instance, on a calm Sabbath; or to thread my way through the maze of granaries and bonding houses at Rotherhithe, and as I slowly wind between those huge receptacles of mercantile wealth and greatness, rising tier above tier, and darkening the face of heaven to the spot of earth they cover, I delight to muse upon the many ventures and the various arts by which the smallest enjoyments of society are provided, and, while every thing is still and solitary around me, to think upon the many thousand eyes, tongues, and hands, that are sure to animate the

lonely scene, when active trade shall resume her labours in the morning. Turning the corners of those ancient lanes, an organ-peal booming from the aisles of some time-honoured parish church, and the thin small voices of the charity children singing the Evening Hymn to the Creator, will every now and then break upon the ear with singular solemnity, and whisper to the worldly that solitude is the purest helpmate to religion.

But it is at night that I most like to be a pedestrian: when the full moon is riding in the clear sky, and that giant ant-hill, London, is hushed and at rest, I love to wander towards the country, along some one of those open roads which form the avenues of the metropolis in every direction. A candle in a parlour-window, or in a bedroom, sets me a dreaming of all manner of sweet and gentle scenes—family happiness, love, wisdom, and a quiet prosperity,—all the blessings in short which are attainable in this full land, and all the felicity we would wish to those we cherish. How often have I lingered with these idle fancies until the moon has waned, and I have fled, as though from an enemy, when surprised by the first garish streak of daybreak!

I was enjoying one of these, my favourite rambles, about the middle of last June, and stood at the foot of Highgate Hill, at midnight, looking over the dark fields, and watching the masses of dun foliage as they waved to and fro in the moonlight, when the sound of a guitar, touched gently but sweetly, aroused my attention. A light, from an open window in the roadside behind me, indicated the shrine of the divinity whose honours were being celebrated. I crept nearer to obtain a view of the minstrel; but his music suddenly ceased. I turned to the window; the light had been extinguished, and the muslin-robe, that had a moment before been flitting before it, was no longer visible. But the sash remained open; and, retouching his instrument with a bolder hand, the serenader began his strain anew. I soon discovered him: he was standing under a noble chesnut-tree; the moon was streaming full on his pale anxious face, which was thickly hung with large black curling hair, that shone as if it could shame satin in its brightness. That face was an animate picture; you read the outlines of the history of a life beautifully expressed in its features. You saw there, as in a mirror, the love and bravery that youth was verging towards—the ardour and enterprise that would ennoble his career—and that burning susceptibility so powerful to urge all whom it animates foremost in the ranks of ecstasy or despair.

At first he sung an Italian Notturmo; but, soon changing the key, he struck a wild prelude, invoked the name of Annabel two or three times, and then gave forth a Spanish romance, so sweetly and so distinctly, that every word and tone fell softly on the ear with the most exquisite taste and fidelity. Here is a translation:—

ANNABEL.

Have you seen the lightning,
Fire-fed, arrowed, wild,
O'er a bulwark brightening,
Rend the ruin'd mass?

Heaven above it darkens,
 Earth is darker still,
 And the spirit hearkens
 For the fall of death !
 Mark ! again it flashes
 Desolation o'er,
 Where the torrent dashes,
 Livid with its fears—
 How the menace scareth,
 Quivering with speed,
 While the life it spareth
 Half from life is shocked !

It has all the beauty
 Eyes may love to see,
 Wreaking direst duty
 Heart can bleed to know :—
 It's the voice of terror,
 'Tis the crest of light,
 Warning in red error
 Ocean, earth, and air !

So she sprung and daunted—
 Lovely, phrenzied, wild—
 Annabel the vaunted,
 Seville's fairest birth !
 She was this hour fleeting,
 Pale in tears, a girl ;
 But the hours fell greeting,
 Kindled womanhood !

On she moved, fire's brightness
 Beaming from her eye,
 In her step wind's lightness,
 Transport on her brow—
 Mad ! though reckless memory,
 To life's pleasures false,
 Kept the curse of sanity
 Trusty to her wrongs !

Priest and prelate crowded,
 Beaded monk and nun ;
 Aught religion shrouded
 With her name and care,
 Troops in armour prancing,
 And the court's estate,
 Paused in wonder, glancing
 On that maid's despair !

For they led her lover,
 Linked with outcast slaves,
 Judged a faithless rover
 From his father's creed ;
 She had sought to save him—
 Sought with him to die ;
 And the doom they gave him
 Thus her passion fired :—

“ Hallowed by your calling,
 Hellish in your deeds,
 Sworn to help man's falling,
 By yon blood foresworn !

Spotless I could prove him,
 Dur'st ye pause to hear
 One who ne'er could love him
 But that he *is* pure !

" Lo ! again I glory
 To do all he dared ;
 Make your triumph gory
 With one victim more.
 No ! then cede a blessing,
 'Twill become your fame ;
 Grant us one caressing
 Ere we part for Heaven !"

They looked on her coldly,
 But no answer gave,
 Bright as she and boldly
 Met the frown of death :
 Till an aged father
 Onward moved his cross,
 And no few did gather
 Tears from her distress.

One stood forth opposing
 Her impassioned way ;
 Heartless prayer who prosing
 Unblest crosses signed ;
 But th' indignant maiden
 Seized a ready steel,
 And the caitiff laid in
 Death beneath her feet !

Then ecstatic darting
 To her idol's arms ;
 Then the dread of parting—
 Chiding, while she wept :
 One wild look she hurried
 Up from them to Heaven,
 And the dagger buried
 Glowing in his breast !

Fain would they have tore her
 From that bond of death ;
 Up the pile who bore her
 Twined around his corse :
 But the wild flames darted
 On their patient prey,
 Tho' meek life had parted
 From her when *he* died.

Hark ! what means yon sounding,
 Like th' uprising sea,
 Loud and louder bounding,
 Till it roars in wrath ?
 There live yet whom sadness
 And love's wrongs can rouse,
 And they rush in madness
 On that stubborn train.

Then cold hearts that heeded
 Never pity's cry,
 Writhed unhelped, while speeded
 Their last pang on earth ;—

Then the quick steel mangled,
Fire and water slew,
And the dying strangled
What the living left !

Wreck upon the ocean,
Ruin on the land,
Solemn earthquake's motion
Lightning's winged fire ;
Storm along the mountain,
Deluge down the vale,
Stream and lake and fountain
Deadly bound in snow ;—

These start fears and anguish
Breathing life repels,
Waste the brain to languish,
Rack it to despair ;
But they cannot mutter
Horrors, nor endure
Fixed, eternal, utter
As the woes of love !

Transport of the spirit,
Uction of the heart,
Life's devoutest merit,
Genius of the soul !—
Love ! essential beauty,
Marvel of the spheres !
Happy, what can boot ye ?
What redeem forlorn ?—

But the pomp is over,
And the fire is fed,
None may find the lover,
None his noble love,
Those their ashes ! Never
Leave them to the winds,
Demons would not sever
What are join'd so well !

Bear them 'neath the willow
She once fondly reared,
Where the gentle billow
Moans reluctant by ;
There at sunset willing
Oft they sat and loved ;
There the sun still smiling
Warms their pitied grave.

The music ceased, and the day broke. As I stood, half wrapt in the romance, the young minstrel hurried by me, enveloped in a wide flowing ample cloak ; while a fair hand, just withdrawn from the lattice, showed that his strain had been welcome to the ears it was meant for.

G. L. S.

LETTER FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.

SUPERSTITIOUS RITES OF CATHOLICISM.

ON Sunday evening, the 1st of October, I embraced the opportunity of witnessing a religious procession, called "The Procession of the Host." To me it was a great novelty; and as Superstition seems here to have taken up her peculiar abode, I cannot help giving some account of what appeared so strange a mockery of all good sense, and, if I may so speak, such downright prostration of the human understanding.

At twilight a considerable body of military assembled in the grand square before the palace, forming a large area, into which a host of priests planted themselves, bearing lanterns fixed on long staves. Before them went a band of what may be termed rocket-men, whose office, though they wore no peculiar uniform, was not of little importance, as will presently be seen. The more sanctified of the group, a gang of friars and priests, took their places in the centre, some leading by the hand young girls, dressed and decorated like so many cherubs (and no doubt on the high-road to heaven), with immense gauze wings and a splendid dress, bespangled all over with gold and glittering tinsel; but they were seemingly greatly encumbered by the weight of their heavenly armour—for which reason it was, as I afterwards learned, that they were led by the hand in the procession. In attendance was a band of music which pealed many a solemn anthem. Next followed the sanctified images of the church, consisting of figures of the different saints, in full stature, to about thirty in number, all lighted up and decorated with all that is showy and imposing, in false splendour and gaudy magnificence. Among others was peculiarly conspicuous that of the Virgin; around her head was a most beautiful halo, which shone forth with a radiated and dazzling lustre, and certainly produced rather a pleasing effect. The figure itself was gorgeously bedecked with jewels and other ornaments. Finally was the Host (the Saviour sacramentized), represented under the usual symbols of bread and wine; the latter in a small silver jug, and both symbols borne together on a tray of the same material, in the hands of one of the chief dignitaries of the church in full canonicals. Before the said dignitary was carried, at the same time, a silver censer, ever and anon perfuming his path-way with its essence; the whole placed under a canopy of the richest silk, purely milk-white, and suspended from the tops of four silver staves, supported by four lusty brethren of the church. Saving and excepting the titter that might arise by a view of its staunch supporters, this was in itself a becoming and appropriate portion of the spectacle, at which no Christian would seek to point the finger of ridicule, if such sacred symbols were doomed to walk our streets in vulgar promenade.

After a copious discharge of sky-rockets, the procession began to move, preserving much of the same order it had taken in the square, and preceded by the rocket-men, who kept up a continued discharge. The procession followed the course of all the principal streets of the

city, which were illuminated in the most splendid and elegant manner, and returned at length to the grand square. Its advance was marked by the rocket-men, who always took the lead, and, by continual showers of fire-works, not only cleared the way, but also prepared the populace to receive the Host with all due reverence and respect. Besides their use in processions, sky-rockets are indispensable here in all religious concerns, and are copiously discharged from the different places of worship, both in the mornings and in the evenings, at matins and at vespers.

The balconies were embellished with much taste and elegance, covered with rich scarlet drapery, having golden fringes and tassels, and lined, at the same time, with people in the first style of fashion, whence the ladies strewed rose-leaves and perfumes of all kinds as the procession passed along. The images of the tutelar and favourite saints also, which are distributed in niches in different parts of the streets, appeared to-night in the freshest lustre, illuminated with many a taper bright and large.

Through the kind attentions of a friend I had got a situation at a window, where I remained for some time a silent spectator of the whole pageant as it passed by. By the force of curiosity I at length rushed into the street, and mixed with the adoring throng; it must be confessed, at some hazard, as not being disposed to imitate their genuflexions, nor well able to repeat their *aves* with the usual accompaniment of gesticulatory acts of devotion with which many a passing saint or image was greeted. These images, although confined to a somewhat narrower space at the muster in the grand square, were now placed at respectable distances from each other, and were borne, for the most part, on the shoulders of blacks, prolonging the beatific train to a full mile in length. The interstices were filled up with priests, the various orders of friars, and the angel-girls already mentioned, together with other church-going characters. On the approach of the Host, which was preceded by trumpet-blowers, all went on their knees; but similar devotion was paid to certain other images, particularly the fixtures in the streets already noticed.

While this imposing spectacle was exhibiting to the eyes of the enraptured multitude without, some certain members of the church were not asleep within doors;—I mean those who were left to perform annats, or annual masses, and pick up cash, as it were, even in the sanctuaries of heaven. These masses went on in many places, where many poor sinners were, no doubt, washed, cleansed, and purged to their heart's content; for whoever entered were, as a matter of course, obliged to launch out; and purgation always follows the touch of the *plata* with our Lady of Rome.

Upon the whole, after what I have seen, I cannot help concluding but in the fullest admiration of the fertility of the Romish Church in keeping up appearances. And, certainly, we need no longer wonder, that to a mind brought up in the *faith*, and taught to contemplate such a scene as not merely a picture of a heavenly host, but as possessing much of the reality of one, should be carried so far beyond what is due to earthly things, in its acts of devotion; nor do I wonder that the world should have been so long shackled and enslaved by this superstition. This profusion of glare and show, let alone the arts of

priestcraft, is of itself enough to lead captive the primitive and infant mind of man. This once accomplished, it is the opening eyes of the multitude that alone can give signal to the adventurous hand which dares cast the first stone. So much are we the children of fancy and delusion, and so much does the captivated imagination enthrall the more solid powers of the understanding! Martin Luther's own interested views first prompted his revolt from the Romish Church; and it is well known that the schism which followed was brought about at a time when the dignity of that great mistress began to wane, and when her authority was no longer acknowledged but with a certain degree of scrutiny and of question. It was not the work of Martin Luther alone, but that of ages.

I have been given to understand, by several long residents in Rio, that on these occasions of festivity (for with all their ceremonies and religious observances, they are nothing else than times of riot, indulgences, and excesses of all kinds), bigotry does not only go so far as to sacrifice such heretics as may fall within its power, but then it is that private piques, revenge, and jealousies are satiated with the blood of whoever may be the object of all or any one of these passions. The church, it would appear, at such seasons, affords an asylum easy of access to the authors or instigators of the most murderous deeds. It is here common for negroes to be hired and entrusted with the execution of those execrable assassinations which are generally perpetrated in the dark, or in the most sly and cowardly manner, by stabbing from behind, or from amongst a crowd, where it is impossible to trace the hand which strikes the blow. The crowd, it is even said, has been known to possess an atrocious sympathy of feeling with these wretched bravoos, and, as votaries, or rather victims, of a common superstition, will open up and allow the murderer to escape; and, when he has mingled with the bye-standers, or made good his retreat, again coalesces, and assumes a position which effectually screens the delinquent from those who may have been aroused by some touches of humanity, and showed a disposition to secure him. I confess this appeared to me an overstrained statement; and however abject and lowly man may be sunk by a degrading superstition, I cannot believe that such cold-blooded and deliberate villany can be common, and can extend itself simultaneously to a whole body of men. The case of an obdurate and scoffing heretic, I grant, may more than once have thus operated to excite and concentrate into one focus of frantic fanaticism all that is diabolical in the passions of a thousand hearts. At all events, that murderers are abroad on such occasions is beyond doubt; whether generally aided and abetted by the multitude, is another question. Even on the night here spoken of, it was generally reported the following day that murderous attempts had been made, and, I believe, more than one murder committed. But how many actually did take place, must be left to conjecture, in a country where such a state of thing is allowed to exist; where such enormities are pardoned or bought off by the priests; where even *those deeds of darkest dye* seldom fall under the lash of justice, and not unfrequently remain altogether hid from public notice."

A SKETCH OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

PRINTING took its rise about the middle of the fifteenth century, and in the course of a few years reached that height of improvement which is scarcely surpassed even in the present times. The invention was at first rude and simple, consisting of whole pages carved on blocks of wood, and only impressed on one side of the leaf; the next step was the formation of moveable types in wood, and they were afterwards cut in metal, and finally rendered more durable, regular, and elegant, by being cast or founded. The consequence of this happy and simple discovery, was a rapid series of improvements in every art and science, and a general diffusion of knowledge among all orders of society. Hitherto the tedious, uncertain, and expensive mode of multiplying books by the hand of the copyist, had principally confined the treasures of learning to monasteries, or to persons of rank and fortune. Yet, even with all the advantages of wealth, libraries were extremely scarce and scanty, and principally consisted of books of devotion, and superstitious legends, or the sophistical disquisitions of the schoolmen. An acquaintance with the Latin classics was a rare qualification, and the Greek language was almost unknown in Europe; but the art of printing had scarcely become general, before it gave a new impulse to genius, and a new spirit to inquiry.

The history of the origin of printing is involved in considerable mystery. Much labour and learning have been spent, in order to ascertain with certainty to whom we are indebted for the discovery; but after all the research, it still remains in obscurity, and at this extended period of time, it appears somewhat unnecessary to enter into a controversy with the inhabitants of either Haarlem or Mentz, as to their individual claim to the merit of that discovery. It is allowed that, under Faust and Guttemberg, the process was nearly carried to perfection; for, about the year 1450, they printed an edition of the Bible with metal types. According to circumstances, this edition of the Bible was far from being a profitable speculation, as a dissolution of partnership took place in 1455, after Faust obtained a verdict in a law-court for the money which he had advanced to Guttemberg. After the separation of Faust and Guttemberg, Schoeffer (a workman of Faust's) privately cut matrices for the whole of the alphabet, which, when he exhibited them to his master, Faust was so much delighted with, that he gave Schoeffer his daughter in marriage. In comparatively a few years after the deaths of Faust, Guttemberg, and Schoeffer, the art may be said to have begun to retrograde.

The invention of printing in Germany, between the years 1430 and 1440, had facilitated the multiplication of books; and though the workmen at Haarlem, Strasburg, and Mentz were sworn to secrecy, and watched with jealous care, scarcely twenty years elapsed from the establishment of Faust's presses, when every country in Europe could boast of at least one printing-house. On the sacking of Mentz by the Archbishop Adolphus, in the year 1462, the printers were all dispersed, and the different workmen employed by Faust were scat-

tered over the world; so that France, Italy, Spain, and even Constantinople, were supplied with presses. The first printing-press in Spain was set up in Valencia, and the earliest book printed appears to have been a Latin Dictionary, dated February, 1475; a Sallust appeared the same year. Burgos was among the earliest cities in Castile, and Zarragoza in Arragon, to enjoy the new benefit, and Seville was not long behind them. Most of the works printed in Germany and Italy were either religious or classical, and those chiefly in learned languages; but from the very first introduction of printing in Spain, it was employed on works in the vernacular tongue. One of the earliest Castilian prose books printed was the letters of Fernan Gomez de Ciudad Real, who was forty-four years physician to John II. Spain also partook at this period of the general introduction of Greek literature into the West.

The first printer is generally allowed to be Guttemberg, who opened the art to Faust; and the earliest important specimen by metal types, is Guttemberg's and Faust's Bible of 637 leaves, printed between the years 1450 and 1455. Rude specimens of wooden blocks appeared in Holland as soon as 1440, and at Mentz, from the same materials, before 1540; but this is accounted a different art, and was probably borrowed from the Chinese. According to Astle, the very early prints from wooden blocks, without the least shadowing or crossing of strokes, was probably contrived by the illuminators of manuscripts and makers of playing cards. These, inelegantly daubed over with colours, which they termed illuminations, were sold at a very cheap rate to persons who could not afford to purchase valuable missals. From 1462, printing spread rapidly over Europe. Italy first printed in Greek characters, and the earliest specimen is in Lactantius, which appeared in the year 1465. Hebrew was printed as early as 1477; Arabic and Chaldaic appeared in 1616; Samaritan, Syriac, Coptic, &c., in 1636. The first book which Caxton printed in England was the Game at Chess, in 1474. The first letters used by him were of the sort called Secretary, and of this he had two founts. Afterwards his letters were more like the modern Gothic characters of the fifteenth century. Of these he had three founts of great primer. Besides these, he had two founts of English or pica, one of double pica, and one of long primer, or, at least, agreeing with the kinds which are now called by these names. Wynkyn de Worde is said to have first brought into England the use of round Roman letters. William Jaques, in 1503, made a fount of English letters, equal, if not exceeding in beauty, any which our founders produce in the present day. The favourite characters of these times were large types, and particularly great primer. The English press had no works in the Greek or Oriental languages till the sixteenth century; the various ligatures and abbreviations used by the early printers rendered more types necessary than at present.

After the establishment of the Reformation, books no longer became the exclusive property of the rich, and of consequence it was unnecessary to spend either a life or a fortune to obtain learning and knowledge. It may easily be imagined that the monks and scribes, and other interested persons, endeavoured to check the increase of

printed books. When the Bible was first printed in the vulgar tongue, the clergy declaimed from the pulpit that there was a new language discovered, called Greek; and the scribes took uncommon pains with their manuscripts to excel in point of neatness. Many futile attempts were also made by men in power to destroy this inestimable blessing: Cardinal Wolsey said, "unless we knock down the press, it will knock us down;" Cardinal Richielieu was convinced, that if the public had knowledge given to them, they would be as dangerous as a beast with a hundred eyes; "therefore," he said, "the people must be blinded, if you would have them tame and patient drudges; in short, you must treat them like pack-horses, not excepting the bells about their necks, which, by their perpetual jingling, may be of use to drown their cares." Wealth and power, however, were not sufficient to suppress the multiplication of books; every effort that was made for their suppression only increased the desire of possession; consequently, every person who attempted to destroy those books, undertook the task of no less than the destruction of the hydra. "The punishment of wits," says Milton, "enhances their authority: and a forbidden writing is a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of those who seek to tread it out." In spite of all the sophisms which were industriously circulated, truth of course gained the ascendancy, and knowledge, virtue, and the arts began to flourish. The liberty of the press became the palladium of the world,—England was acknowledged to be "the mansion-house of liberty."

The type which Caxton used was a mixture of Secretary and Gothic. It is uncertain who first used the Roman letter in England; but it is admitted that Pynson was possessed of several sizes of type. Towards the latter part of the sixteenth century, John Day, an eminent printer and bookseller, introduced the Saxon character, and cast a new set of Italian characters, which cost him forty marks; from which time till early in the eighteenth century, the art of printing continued in a very low state. At this period, William Caslon commenced business as a letter-founder, and made considerable improvement in the shape of type, particularly in his Gothic letter, which for symmetry stands unrivalled; this celebrated founder caused the English to be exporters instead of importers of that article. The names of the most reputed type founders are as follow:—

London.... { Austin,
 { Figgins,
 { Caslon,
 { Thorowgood.

Edinburgh.. Miller.

Glasgow... Wilson.

Sheffield... Blake and Garnett, the great Wm. Caslon's legitimate successors.

With the exception of the establishment of several new foundries, and the gradual improvement in the general appearance of type, nothing worthy of notice occurred till the year 1800, when the late Lord Stanhope (with the assistance of Mr. Walker, an eminent machinist) invented an iron printing-press, which considerably in-

creased the means of producing fine impressions, as well as reduced the labour of the workmen; the first of these inventions was tried at Mr. Bulmer's office, Cleveland-row, St. James's. Lord Stanhope did not avail himself of a patent, consequently, he gave great advantage to the constructors of presses on a similar principle. In 1804, his lordship (in conjunction with Mr. Wilson, a printer) revived the stereotype process, and expended a considerable sum in the speculation, under the impression that stereotyped works could be sold at a reduced price; his lordship's expectations were far from being realized, as, in a few years, Mr. Wilson overstocked himself, and ultimately abandoned his profession. It is quite uncertain who first invented the process of stereotype; but we find, that early in the eighteenth century, an eminent goldsmith of London expended a large sum of money in useless experiment; and, in 1725, the whole of his plates were melted down at the Chiswell-street foundry: indeed, we strongly imagine, that stereotype has not been so generally successful as was at first anticipated by its revivers in 1804.

But the most astonishing of all modern improvements in the typographical art, was the cylindrical machine for printing the "Times" newspaper. This machine was made in obscurity, under the superintendence of Mr. Konig, a Saxon; and after numerous attempts had rendered success nearly hopeless, as well as a considerable sum expended in its construction, the fact was announced in November, 1814, that upwards of 2,000 copies of "the leading journal of Europe" had been thrown off in one hour! At nearly the same time, Mr. T. Bensley had also a cylindrical machine constructed, at an expense, it is said, of upwards of £10,000. These machines were subsequently simplified and improved by Mr. Cowper, an Englishman, who discarded upwards of forty-three wheels, and rendered the operation still more expeditious. The great success which attended those efforts induced several engineers and others to turn their attention to the subject; so that, in a short time, a variety of steam and hand-machines and presses of all descriptions were constructed. Very few hand-machines have at all answered the ends of the purchaser; and, as to the presses, Lord Stanhope's, Clymer's Columbian, and Cope and Sherwin's Imperial Press, are the most reputed; Ruthven's press, however, is admirably adapted for decorative printing, and may be of service when space is an object. But printing in colours at one operation, by means of machinery, is probably the greatest novelty which has yet appeared. This decidedly original process (which is presumed to be a complete safeguard against forgery), is supposed to be the invention of Sir W. Congreve; at the same time, it is but justice to say (if the invention of printing be ceded to Sir W. C.) that the machinery was invented and brought to perfection by Mr. Wilks, a partner in the house of Donkin and Co., engineers, of Bermondsey. The worthy baronet ultimately obtained a patent for his novel mode of printing, and introduced the process into some of the government offices, as well as permitted Messrs. Whiting and Branston to avail themselves of his ingenuity; and it may be safely averred, that the invention has considerably increased in public favour since its first introduction into Beaufort House,

Strand, many very highly-finished specimens of the compound plate process having been issued from that establishment. It ought also to be said that Sir W. Congreve found an able assistant in Mr. Branstons, as many of the inimitable productions (speaking advisedly) were certainly executed by that engraver's own hand. He is now numbered with the dead; but his whole life was spent in the improvement in the art of wood-engraving, and was acknowledged by its professors to be one of its greatest ornaments. It would certainly be considered as an act of injustice to pass over in silence the beautiful imitations of coloured drawings produced at the type press by Mr. W. Savage: the work in which they were introduced was published in 1822, and entitled "Practical Hints on Decorative Printing;" and the elaborate manner in which the imitations are executed must excite the most delightful feelings in every lover of the typographic art: Mr. Branstons, also, in this work of art rendered most valuable services.

Subsequently to the erection of the printing machines for the "Times" newspaper, Mr. Bensley, and Messrs. Applegath and Cowper commenced business as printers, and constructed several machines of a very superior description; their printing surpassed every thing deemed practicable, and the general results were very satisfactory. When a separation took place between Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, Mr. Applegath still further improved the different mechanical presses which were then in use; and after he withdrew from the printing business, he from time to time made alterations in the "Times" machine, till he eventually so simplified and improved its mechanical power, that the almost incredible number of *four thousand impressions were produced in one hour!* This great object never could have been achieved had not the means been fully equal to the end proposed; it must naturally be considered that the most unceasing exertions were used by the machinist, and a fortune expended by the proprietors of the journal. When this circumstance of the increased power of the machine were made known, it was considered that printing, both for execution and facility, had reached its zenith; at least the printing profession was not at all prepared for the "striking magnificence of appearance" of the "Times" of Monday, January 19th, 1829, which "surpassed every thing that ever proceeded out of a mechanical press, or was taken off from a revolving cylinder."—"It is a double paper," says the Editor of that journal, "consisting of eight pages and forty-eight columns, and is the largest sheet of paper ever manufactured." The Editor concluded by stating, "that the 'Times' will only appear in its present form occasionally during the sitting of Parliament." But judging from the amazing alterations and improvements which have so recently taken place in that daily advocate of the rights and privileges of mankind, as well as knowing that neither exertion nor expense is ever considered when its spirited proprietors are determined to give effect to a particular object, we should not in the least be surprised if, on some occasion, the speeches of the most eloquent members were printed in gold.

But whilst the most considerable improvements were taking place in type, ink, presses, and machinery, the manufacturers of paper

made very slight efforts to improve their art. It is almost needless to say, that all the labour and expense of the type-founder (which are at all times very considerable), will be unavailing, and the best efforts of the printer rendered nugatory, if the quality of the paper be overlooked. The precise period of the first manufacture of this article is extremely unsatisfactory, neither is the first process sufficiently known to warrant us in hazarding an opinion: it appears, however, that the paper on which Caxton printed his works was prepared of "very fine and good linen rags." It is useless to inquire as to when or how printing paper was first manufactured; as it is an incontrovertible fact that the art has considerably retrograded in England. The printing paper which is now used is made of cotton rag and plaster of Paris, and bleached with various acids, in the humble hope of making it comparatively white; but paper so prepared retards the printer in the execution of his work, defies his best abilities, and ultimately injures his reputation: the bad quality of paper alone may account for so few elegantly printed works having emanated from the British press. It has long been admitted that India paper is the best for fine printing, particularly from wood engravings; that the French plate paper is the next in succession, and the English manufacture the worst of all! To endeavour to keep pace with the amazing improvements daily making by the typographical artist, as well as with the laudable attempt to raise the national manufacture to the highest degree of importance, by making the English the exporter instead of the importer of fine printing paper, British talent and capital have been actively engaged for the last few years, to improve the quality of our own fabric, and to obviate the necessity of resorting to a foreign market. The inconvenience which must always result from a nation being dependent on a foreign fabric, latterly became the more serious, in consequence of the great excellence to which wood engraving had arrived, and the very considerable preference and patronage bestowed on all illustrated works.

The first book auction in England, of which there is any record, is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue there is an address, which thus commences:—"Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the advantage of both buyers and sellers; it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible, neatly written, was 30*l*. It is said that the building of two arches of the old London Bridge cost only 25*l*., being 5*l*. less than a copy of the Bible many years afterwards.

For the invention of Italic letter, we are indebted to the ingenuity of Aldus Manutius, by birth a Roman, who introduced Roman shapes of a much neater cut than those before in use, and gave birth to that beautiful letter now known to most of the nations in Europe by the name of Italic; though most of the founders and printers in the North of Germany, still persist in calling this character *cursiv*.

It is hoped their still adhering to this name is not in any way connected with a newly set up claim for the honour of this invention for one of their countrymen. The claim of Manutius to this honour is so clearly made out, that it will require very strong facts to be produced, ere the illuminati of the present day will consent to strip him of laurels, worn with the consent of more than half Europe for nearly three centuries.

It has been contended by some writers, that the art of impression was well known to the ancients; in confirmation of this, they instance the stamps of iron and other metals, with which bales of goods and various articles of their manufacture were marked, throughout Italy and other parts of Europe, during the low ages; and that the art of taking impressions from engraved blocks of wood is nothing more than a principle familiarly known to the ancients from time immemorial; consequently it is not worthy the appellation of a discovery: even printing itself is considered by them as scarcely deserving the name of an invention. It appears that the ancient artists used separate letters, similar to our bookbinders' tools, for the purpose of stamping the inscriptions upon their lamps, their vases, and their bassi relievi of clay; which being first cast, were finished by the hand of the modeller.

The invention of printing has not, perhaps, multiplied books, but only the copies of them, and if we believe (says Sir Wm. Temple) there were six hundred thousand volumes in the library of Ptolemy, we shall hardly pretend to imitate it by any one in the present day, not perhaps by all put together; I mean so many originals, that have lived at any time, and thereby given testimony of their having been thought worth preserving, for books, like proverbs, received their chief value from the esteem of ages through which they have passed.

"Fine Printing" was first introduced by the ingenious Baskerville, who happily succeeded in producing a type of superior elegance, and an ink which gave additional beauty to the type. The peculiar excellence attached to Baskerville, and the consequent celebrity he obtained, gave a stimulus to the exertions, and drew forth the emulation of many of our countrymen, among whom we are too happy in being enabled to mention the illustrious names of Ballantyne, Bensley, Bulmer, Whittingham, and Davison, from whose presses have issued some magnificent specimens of typography, indeed the best that are to be found in this country or in Europe.

The daily publication of reports is one of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of these times. It is truly astonishing to think that a debate, which has commenced at five o'clock in the evening and lasted until five the next morning, shall be taken down in short-hand, written out, corrected, printed, struck off by thousands after correction for press, distributed by the newsmen, and on every breakfast-table in London before mid-day, nay, before the speakers have left their beds, and within twenty-four hours, read in Devonshire and Yorkshire.

Thus, in a brief, but impartial manner, I have traced the rise and progress of an invention, the "practice and improvement" of which

has altered the manners as well as the opinion of the whole world. Before the invention of this "divine art," mankind were absorbed in the grossest ignorance, and oppressed under the most abject despotism of tyranny. The clergy, who before this æra held the key of all the learning in Europe, were themselves ignorant, though proud, presumptuous, arrogant, and artful; their devices were soon detected through the invention of typography. Many of them, as it may naturally be imagined, were very averse to the progress of this invention, as well as the brief-men, or writers, who lived by their manuscripts for the laity. They went so far as to attribute this blessed invention to the devil; and some of them warned their hearers from using such diabolical books as were written with the blood of the victims who devoted themselves to hell, for the profit or fame of instructing others. Such was the fate of its *first rise*; but like all other useful inventions, it soon soared far above the malignant reach of "invidious objections:" the more liberal part of mankind, amongst whom it is but justice to say were some ecclesiastics, gave it every necessary encouragement; and kings and princes became, for the first time, patrons of learning. Genius, like beaten gold, spread over the world; and the early part of the nineteenth century saw a complete revolution in the human mind.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CAPTIVITY.

CHAP. I.—THE CAPTURE.

THE gallant vessel on whose deck I trod was ploughing her way up Channel with a south-western breeze on her quarter, and Beachey Head bearing on her larboard bow. After a long and perilous adventure, behold me again on the threshold of my home.

I had scarcely then completed my fifteenth year, but I had seen much in that brief space. At an age when many boys have hardly left their mothers' apron-string, I had encountered many a rude buffet from fortune—a cruel step-dame she is to many; and a bitter bad one has she been to me. Nevertheless I had gained something by my experience. I was hardy and robust. I could look danger in the face without flinching, and had acquired a sort of light-heartedness—*insouciance* as the French call it—only known to those that are accustomed to the rubs of life, and have but little to lose in the encounter. But as I leaned over the shattered bulwarks of our weather-beaten vessel, and gazed on the white cliffs of my native land, I thought of my father, the pride of my early youth, and my heart yearned for home—I was again a child.

"Hillo! youngster, by Jasus you're looking out as sharp as a sea-gull in a nor-wester," cried a rough voice behind me, accompanied by a grip on the shoulder, sharp enough to astonish any young gentleman of tender years. It was Jem Ward, an Irish sailor, and a crony of mine. "D'ye see that sneaking blackguard yonder?" said he. I turned my eyes to his direction, and saw a long, low, black lugger coming down Channel, braced close up to the wind, but making as

much way as we did, heavily laden as we were with the wind upon our quarter. She had a British ensign flying at her mast-head, and had a number of men upon her deck, but mounted no guns. She might have been a fishing-boat or a smuggler's craft; at all events, she excited no apprehension in our captain, who kept steadily on his course. I ought to mention, that the time I speak of was in 1808, the very height of the French war, and privateers were running as thick as musquitoes.

"Steady there, keep her steady! you d—d Portuguese lubber!" bawled the captain to the man at the helm.

"Steady she is, sare!" muttered the Portuguese steersman—but the fellow was evidently attending but little to his steerage. His eyes were wandering towards the lugger which was rapidly nearing us.

"What the devil is the fellow staring at?" cried the skipper; "she is but an English fishing-boat."

"I no mind eat all de fish she eber caught," said the Portuguese, with the look of one who knows well what he is saying. "Senhor Capitaine, I tell to you, if she be no privateer, I be no Portuguese." Now the Portuguese was an old man-of-war sailor, and was a tolerable professor of naval physiognomy; he could tell you directly what a strange sail was by the "cut of her jib," but our captain was on his first voyage from England; he had been accustomed to the collier service, and therefore had but little experience in these matters. The thing seemed to him to be absurd—a privateer coming down upon and in sight of his own shore.

"Privateer or devil," said Ward, "while we've six guns weneed not go out of our way for her."

"Just hold your palaver about privateers," said the master; "she's just as much a privateer as I am,—and lift a thowt in the fore-top-sail—there—belay there—steady now. There, master Portuguese, you see the craft wants nothing of us." The little vessel was indeed passing like a shot without taking any notice. She appeared full of men, as odd a looking group as ever I saw, all wearing red night-caps and large fishermen's boots. The captain took his speaking trumpet.

"Lugger a-hoy!"—No answer. "You see she's a smuggler evidently," said the captain, "but that's no concern of ours; we're no revenue cutter."

"You shall see, sare," said the Portuguese; "you tink she got noting to say."—"You shall see." "Mind your helm, and be d—d to you, or I shall have something to say to you," returned the other, though evidently a little disconcerted.

"By my sowl, and the Portugee's right!" cried Ward; "look at her." The lugger having slanted across our stern upon a tack, now bore up before the wind, and was rapidly overhauling us—sailing about ten feet for our one.

"Ah, sare," said the Portuguese, "you tink she noting to say *now*?"

"Now, captain," cried Ward, "this is past a joke; but let us run out our guns, and bring our broad-side to bear on 'em; by Jazus, if one round shot catches 'em it will blow the tieves out of the water."

has altered the manners as well as the opinion of the whole world. Before the invention of this "divine art," mankind were absorbed in the grossest ignorance, and oppressed under the most abject despotism of tyranny. The clergy, who before this æra held the key of all the learning in Europe, were themselves ignorant, though proud, presumptuous, arrogant, and artful; their devices were soon detected through the invention of typography. Many of them, as it may naturally be imagined, were very averse to the progress of this invention, as well as the brief-men, or writers, who lived by their manuscripts for the laity. They went so far as to attribute this blessed invention to the devil; and some of them warned their hearers from using such diabolical books as were written with the blood of the victims who devoted themselves to hell, for the profit or fame of instructing others. Such was the fate of its *first rise*; but like all other useful inventions, it soon soared far above the malignant reach of "invidious objections:" the more liberal part of mankind, amongst whom it is but justice to say were some ecclesiastics, gave it every necessary encouragement; and kings and princes became, for the first time, patrons of learning. Genius, like beaten gold, spread over the world; and the early part of the nineteenth century saw a complete revolution in the human mind.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CAPTIVITY.

CHAP. I.—THE CAPTURE.

THE gallant vessel on whose deck I trod was ploughing her way up Channel with a south-western breeze on her quarter, and Beachey Head bearing on her larboard bow. After a long and perilous adventure, behold me again on the threshold of my home.

I had scarcely then completed by fifteenth year, but I had seen much in that brief space. At an age when many boys have hardly left their mothers' apron-string, I had encountered many a rude buffet from fortune—a cruel step-dame she is to many; and a bitter bad one has she been to me. Nevertheless I had gained something by my experience. I was hardy and robust. I could look danger in the face without flinching, and had acquired a sort of light-heartedness—*insouciance* as the French call it—only known to those that are accustomed to the rubs of life, and have but little to lose in the encounter. But as I leaned over the shattered bulwarks of our weather-beaten vessel, and gazed on the white cliffs of my native land, I thought of my father, the pride of my early youth, and my heart yearned for home—I was again a child.

"Hillo! youngster, by Jasus you're looking out as sharp as a sea-gull in a nor-wester," cried a rough voice behind me, accompanied by a grip on the shoulder, sharp enough to astonish any young gentleman of tender years. It was Jem Ward, an Irish sailor, and a crony of mine. "D'ye see that sneaking blackguard yonder?" said he. I turned my eyes to his direction, and saw a long, low, black lugger coming down Channel, braced close up to the wind, but making as

much way as we did, heavily laden as we were with the wind upon our quarter. She had a British ensign flying at her mast-head, and had a number of men upon her deck, but mounted no guns. She might have been a fishing-boat or a smuggler's craft; at all events, she excited no apprehension in our captain, who kept steadily on his course. I ought to mention, that the time I speak of was in 1808, the very height of the French war, and privateers were running as thick as mosquitoes.

"Steady there, keep her steady! you d—d Portuguese lubber!" bawled the captain to the man at the helm.

"Steady she is, sare!" muttered the Portuguese steersman—but the fellow was evidently attending but little to his steerage. His eyes were wandering towards the lugger which was rapidly nearing us.

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"Now, captain," cried Ward, "this is past a joke; but let us run out our guns, and bring our broad-side to bear on 'em; by Jazus, if one round shot catches 'em it will blow the thieves out of the water."

To make the matter still less doubtful, a voice, not the most musical, sung out from the lugger "Hillo there, you dam English tief—back your fore-topsail, and heave to." I never saw such an instantaneous change come over any man as the metamorphosis of our captain. He was a jolly-looking, portly, north countryman, and he suddenly became as pale as a ghost. Without bestowing a thought on the defence of the vessel, he disappeared through the companion hatchway as though he had been shot. *Sauve qui peut* seemed instantly the order of the day. The Portuguese left the helm, and dived into the fore-castle—the mate disappeared in a twinkling—and before we could actually look round us, the deck was left to poor Ward and myself. The transformation was so sudden, that I could hardly believe my eyes. Jem looked around him at first with bewilderment, and then with indignation.

"By the powers!" he exclaimed, with an oath tacked to it that would have astonished even a privateer-man, "but that's as clane a thing as ever I seed—the cowardly varmint!—niver mind, my boy, but we have a bit a fun all to ourselves—we'll give 'em one broadside for the honour of ould Ireland." How the broadside was to be accomplished by two pair of hands I left to my friend's superior Irish management, but I run forward to the cuboose or cook-house for a lighted match, while Jem prepared a gun. The crew of the privateer saw our manœuvres, and were shouting to us to desist, but we did not comprehend a word of their lingo, although we guessed its import. Meantime our vessel, without a steersman, was yowing about at the mercy of the wind; an advancing enemy seemed to be first on one quarter and then on the other. Ward at length made his dispositions, and bang went the carronade. Wherever the shot went our enemy was untouched; for on she came foaming along, her crew yelling like a thousand devils, blaspheming and swearing vengeance. We neither understood nor cared; but another match—and bang went another gun. This was the last of our broadsides; for poor Ward, Irishman like, forgetting the swivel of the gun, had seated himself directly behind it to take a surer aim; and the consequence was that over he went, and with such force that there is no knowing where he might have stopped had he not been brought up by the bulwarks of the vessel on the other side. I was rather confounded; and a volley of musket-balls from the privateer, which was then within a length of us, added to my embarrassment;—one whistled so close to my ear, that I hardly knew whether I was shot or not. Ward was scrambling about the deck, half stunned with the shock he had received, and the shouting and firing of the privateer quite bewildered me, and I had but little time to recover myself, for the lugger was now alongside. She had thrown a grapnel into our main-chains, and hauling herself along made fast to our fore-chains, while a boarding party threw their cutlasses and pistols through our shattered bulwarks, and the next moment were on our decks. The first awakening I received was half-a-dozen heavy knocks from the flat side of a cutlass over my back and shoulders. Ward they accosted in the same manner, and after much diabolical swearing and beating, handed us over the ship's-side as prisoners into the lugger. Here they

saluted us with a rope's-end ; and poor Ward, already suffering much from his bruises, they beat cruelly, exclaiming all the time, " Dam English rascal, you fight, eh ?" I, as a boy, they took less notice of. The next intimation of my change of condition was from a French boy about the same size as myself, who without any ceremony thrust his hand into my pocket, and seized upon my knife.

" Knife—knife!" cried the young ragamuffin, flourishing his prize. I made some show of remonstrance, and requested him to return it ; but he said with a grin,—“ Oyes—oyes—you get again by-and-by.”

Meantime our skulking captain and his crew were speedily dragged from their hiding-places. The captain was discovered stowed away in the steerage among some hogsheads of sugar ; the mate was crouched beneath the lee of the long-boat, and the others were in various places of concealment. Our crew consisted of fifteen men and boys, and I have no doubt, had they been all like poor Jem Ward, we might have disabled the lugger by one of our round shots, for she was a mere boat ; or if the captain had not lost his senses from fright we might have run the vessel in our own shore and escaped in the boats. But it was no use to repine ; there we were, with our good ship the Eden, captured by the French privateer “ le grand Duc de Berg.”

Some idea may be formed of the value of such a capture when I say that we were laden with sugar and coffee, and that sugar was selling in France at five and six francs a pound. The French sailors in their search found some turtle, which they brought upon deck to see whether the creatures walked or flew ; they fancied they were like lady-birds, with wings concealed under their shells.

We were driven down the fore-hold of the lugger, and there we found the crew of another vessel, the Mary of Dover, which she had captured that morning. Our captors behaved pretty well. They placed before us a few loaves of fresh bread, and plenty of cider, but our miserable chicken-hearted captain was quite crest-fallen ; he and his mate refused to eat, but continued to lament their misfortunes with tears. His pusillanimous conduct had so disgusted me, that instead of sympathizing with him, I could not refrain from laughter. The crew of the privateer was the most curious mixture I had ever seen ; it consisted of Dutchmen, Swedes, Spaniards, Portuguese, Danes, Americans, and, if I mistake not, a few English and Irish, who held American protection. The few French that were on board were young fellows who knew nothing of the sea service, and who had volunteered for the chance of plunder. They all wore red night-caps and enormous boots, and were almost smothered with the weight of their wardrobe, which I found they always carried on their backs, and the extent of which I had no idea of until I saw one uncased. The lugger had overhauled another British vessel on our way to Dieppe, and had sent a boat on board, but from bad management she had upset under the stern of the vessel, and five out of the six hands perished ; the sixth, by incredible exertions, regained the lugger by swimming, and was taken on board in nearly an exhausted state. They gave him some brandy, and he was then brought below, where he proceeded to take off his wet things. The grave-digger in Hamlet was nothing to it ; trousers, shirts, waistcoats, and jackets,

were stripped off in rapid succession : I thought there was no end to the number. It was with no little astonishment that I witnessed this exhibition ; but I soon learnt that every French privateersman adopts this custom from the extremely uncertain nature of their calling—it being understood that every seaman, if captured, retains as his own property what he has about his person. This precaution, however, is superfluous against a British enemy ; the property of the vessel is all that is claimed. We arrived at Dieppe early in the morning after the day on which we were captured, and we were immediately landed on the quay, under the escort of a guard of soldiers. Our appearance, for English, was unusually mean and miserable ; so much so, indeed, that a subscription was made for us among the crowd assembled to witness our debarkation. For myself, I had neither hat, cravat, nor waistcoat, so that my first appearance in France was not the most prepossessing imaginable. The serjeant of the guard took the money to distribute, which amounted to some five or six sous each, and off we were marched to our prison. I know not whether the buoyancy of youth supported me, or whether it was the elasticity of my nature, or, as the captain would have it, the hardness of my heart ; but I was the least affected of any of my companions. Since the last shot we fired on board of the *Eden*, I had never had a single thought of danger or personal suffering. I had now before me the prospect of a long and miserable captivity, yet I felt not the least dejected ; on the contrary, I made observations on all that passed around me, with as light a heart and as free a mind as I had ever possessed. I remember, when passing the market-place, wanting some apples exposed for sale, and making a sign to one of our guards to buy some for me out of my few sous, which constituted my whole earthly riches. The good-natured fellow thought he understood me, and taking two sous made a purchase ; but instead of my much desired apples, put into my hand a small roll of something, about the size of a ball cartridge, wrapped in brown paper, and feeling soft as butter. I expressed my disappointment by gestures, feeling sure it was nothing but soap ; but the soldier continued to say "*Bon à manger—bon à manger—avec du pain !*" which, of course, was Greek to me, till some one informed me my purchase was a sort of cheese, very much liked by the people in the north of France and French Flanders.

THE COURT OF PRAGUE.

Petit poisson deviendra grand
 Pourvu que Dieu lui prête vie.

"*Vous me demandez donc des renseignemens sur notre petite cour de Prague,*" said the lively Baron de M. to me, as we sauntered through the dark and gloomy streets of the ancient capital of Bohemia. "One word will be sufficient to put you *au fait*, viz. *entrique au Cabole*; but if you are not satisfied, read the history of your own Stuarts at St. Germain, and I shall be spared the trouble of playing the historian." We had by this time reached the suburb, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a lady, who, alighting from an elegant Russian drowski, entered a large and magnificent mansion. *Elle n'étoit plus dans la première jeunesse*;—but there still remained the traces of surpassing loveliness; while her coal-black eyes, raven locks, and Grecian-like regularity of features, proclaimed her a daughter of the genial south. "*Tenez!*" exclaimed my companion, "fertile as Prague is just now in the victims of the caprice of fortune, there is one of those striking examples of her *bizarrerie* that is rarely encountered in real life. If you have no objection, I will give you a sketch of her singular history, which will while away our time till we reach the hotel." The Baron, after a preparatory hem! began.

At the bottom of the Adriatic gulph, immediately opposite the Islands of La Brazza, Lesina and Curzola, remarkable for their picturesque beauty, is situated the small port of Almissa, which contains between thirty and forty houses, and some hundred inhabitants, who derive their sole subsistence from fishing and the cultivation of the vine and olive.

At the period at which our story commences, Dalmatia was occupied by the French troops; and one of the regiments of the army of occupation, which was distributed along all the vulnerable points of the coast, furnished a detachment to Almissa. This remote post, this place of exile—for it was decidedly the most wild and savage spot in Dalmatia (where, by the-by, wild and savage spots abound)—offering no resources whatever, the detachment was relieved regularly once a month. Their duty was rather wearisome than severe, for when off guard, the officers and soldiers that composed it, knew not actually to what saint to devote themselves, and literally consumed their time in conjugating the verb "*s'ennuyer*" in all its moods and tenses. In fact, what were they to do? At fifty paces from their quarters, commenced the rocks—again, whom could they speak to? The inhabitants did not even understand the Venetian dialect, which every where else along the coast is spoken in common with the Illyrian language. And then there is no being who walks this earth less communicative than your real Dalmatian; besides, it is well known that confidence is with difficulty established between a foreign army of occupation, and the inhabitants of a country whom they come to protect.

Once a week, however, some Morlakian men, women, and chil-

dren regularly descended from their mountains with a load of wood on their shoulders (a very scarce article throughout the whole country), and which they came to dispose of, at Almissa during the time of the market—where also were disposed of a few dozen of eggs, which the Morlakian women hatched, if we may be allowed the expression, by some mysterious process. The garrison, for whom the most trifling incident was a spectacle, would mingle with the population, and with the natural vivacity of French soldiers, endeavour by signs to enter into conversation with the new comers.

Among the crowd of women who supplied the market, and who apparently sought to outvie each other in dirt and ugliness, a dashing young serjeant of the company had distinguished a maiden, who had scarcely seen eleven summers, and whose features, although partly hidden by a thick layer of dirt, were distinguished by an exquisite delicacy of outline that would have done honour to a princess; her figure was cast in nature's finest mould, and her legs naked almost to the knee, were beautifully turned; while her eyes, that had not yet acquired the savage expression which so strongly characterizes the looks of the women of her nation, were dark and lustrous: in fact, by the most fastidious connoisseur in female beauty, she would have been considered a beautiful brunette.

The serjeant was not the only one, who had remarked this mountain *belle*; she afforded a subject of conversation for the whole detachment, who used to style her the Morlakian; but her real name, at least that by which she was known by her country-people, was Mloda.* Mloda, with her diadem of tinsel, ornamented with three rows of small pieces of silver and copper money, strung on a wire thread, presented certainly a most extraordinary appearance. But unfortunately Mloda, like her companions, was absolutely ignorant of the use of oblations. To her honour, however, it must be mentioned she was unconscious of being so beautiful; and, besides her particular style of beauty that so captivated her French admirers, would not have rivetted a single look on her native mountains: her youthful charms contrasted singularly with those of her companions' unheeded charms, that were almost constantly oppressed by a pair of hideous hands crossed upon the bosom, when some little Morlakian monster, clamorous for food, did not publicly dispute with them their possession. Still Mloda was a coquette in her own way; she coveted beyond every thing every small piece of money that her beautiful eyes lighted on, but then she loved them only for the purpose of decking her head-dress after the fashion of her country. The most ardent of her admirers soon perceived the ruling passion of this young maiden's mind. On every market day, therefore, he studiously sought to translate her eggs or wood into head-gear, pierced before hand, in order no doubt that the timid and innocent Morlakian should not mistake the nature of the gift, and the pure intentions of the donor. Mloda always accepted them, but it was with the sullen gratitude of the savage, that overwhelmed her admirer with despair. Often would he on these occasions cast a look upon his presents that

* A young maiden.

decked her head, and which already exceeded several dozens, that seemed to say,—“Am I then eternally doomed to sow without the prospect of reaping—for Love, of all the gods of high Olympus, is certainly the most selfish.” If the love-sick serjeant hazarded but the slightest gesture even—and every other kind of dialogue, ignorant as he was of the language of his belle was out of the question—Mloda would immediately punish his temerity with two or three well applied blows from her pretty hands, that increased in force as the number of spectators was greater. It was in vain that her besieger strove over and over again to lead her into a corner of one of those cellars where in Illyria they sell wine and pannochie.* All his amorous advances were treated with rebuffs and blows.

At last (for every thing has an end, even the cruelty of a young savage girl) Mloda relaxed a little her correctional system, and consented to partake of a bowl of rough red wine and a slice of coarse soldiers' bread, well rubbed over with garlic. A few days after this common repast, the serjeant discovered that Mloda was completely her own mistress, and possessed not even the shadow of a relation who could control her actions. He, therefore, skilfully redoubled his delicate attentions, and even sold some part of his apparel in order to procure some of the small pieces of money on which she so doated. Mloda at last proved grateful, and very soon she had no longer any thing to refuse her admirer, not even the favour so long solicited of washing her face and hands. In fact, she became the property of the happy serjeant, who placed her publicly at the head of his “*menage*.” From this moment it is that the lofty destinies of Mloda may be dated.

The serjeant one day, however, took it into his head that it was extremely ridiculous for a defender of the state like himself to divide into two portions the ration which the government issued only for one. To be brief, hunger made war on love, and as the latter was soon worsted in the struggle.

The sub-lieutenant of the company, just fresh from the benches of the military school, informed, by public report, of the astonishing progress that the Morlakian was making in the French language, conceived the very philanthropic idea of completing her education. He, therefore, proposed to her lover to confide her to his care, for the purpose of superintending her studies. The serjeant consented, on condition of receiving a handsome fowling-piece, that belonged to his superior officer: the bargain was struck, and his mistress, in consequence, passed over to the young lieutenant. Mloda, on her side, appeared delighted with the arrangement. She had become ambitious, and was conscious that she was advancing in rank. The detachment was recalled to Moscarra, the head-quarters of the regiment.

In the meantime Mloda, whom, as we have said, the loftiest destinies awaited, had grown in grace and beauty, nay, even in talent, for she had acquired a knowledge of a host of things of which she had been previously ignorant. There is some obscurity in the affairs of our fair friend about this time; but we find her, after a short lapse

* A species of white bread without leaven.

at Ragusa, superintending the domestic affairs of a store-keeper to the forces. Mloda now assumed the costume of a lady, and with it an air of ease that astonished every one.

General Lauriston, who died some years ago at Paris, in odour of sanctity, under the roof of an opera-dancer, and who at this period commanded the French forces in Dalmatia, occupied Ragusa, where he had allowed himself to be blockaded by the Russians. He heard of the Morlakian, and expressed a wish to see her. On the termination of a visit which the storekeeper paid the General, he received a commission of inspector of stores, with an order to depart immediately for Castel Novo. Monsieur "*Rez-pain et sel*," as the inspectors were nicknamed by the French soldiery, set out, but not without having previously received a hint that the interest of the service required that Mloda should be left behind.

Mloda, transferred her *menage* to a splendid suite of apartments in the Piazza del Governo, not far from the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, where she nightly held her *soirées*, that were attended by all the officers of the garrison. This mode of life continued until General Lauriston was recalled by Napoleon, who had conceived for him one of those unfortunate predilections to which he was so subject. Mloda set out in the General's suite: at Trieste she fell ill, from the fatigue of the journey, and the General recollecting very "*apropos*" that he was married, left her there. She, however, soon recovered, and, by the advice of a Signor Marchese, without a Marquisate, whose acquaintance she had made at Ragusa, went to Milan, where she hired a splendid establishment. Some years were passed in the dissipation and pleasures of the highest society of the capital, during which time Mloda managed to ingratiate herself into the esteem of some of the highest members of the clergy.

One evening, while enjoying the breeze at her balcony, she remarked an officer of distinguished carriage, who was looking at her with the most particular attention. There was nothing very extraordinary in this after all; for so dazzling had her beauty become, that it constantly attracted the admiring gaze of the passers-by. The officer saluted her with an air of great politeness, but without taking his eyes off her. Mloda returned the salute, and, according to the Italian fashion, which admits of great latitude, she despatched a servant with an invitation to him to enter her hotel.

There was, soon after, in Mloda's boudoir, one of the most pathetic recognitions that can well be imagined. Mloda met again her first friend and protector, the identical serjeant who had raised her from the most abject state of misery, and who had become an officer. The very same evening Mloda, who was then styled "*Signora Contessa*," did the officer the honour of presenting him to the Viceroy of Italy, accompanied by an urgent request to the excellent Eugene to take care of his promotion. The Prince scrupulously obeyed her injunctions. The officer, besides, sufficiently recommended himself to his notice: he was immediately appointed to the Guard, and was promoted, in a short time, to the grade of *Chef d'Escadron*. In 1812 he had attained the rank of Colonel, and was killed in Russia, at the action beyond Smolensko.

Implicated, in 1813, in some great political intrigue, Mloda went the same year to Paris, where she took up her residence. At the period of the Restoration she was known in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where she occupied a magnificent hotel, by the name of the Countess A——. She was at that time considered a lady of rank and respectability. So furious was her royalism that it served in the "*noble quartier*" as a point of comparison, to all that was most eminent in it. On more than one occasion the Emperor Alexander had interviews at her hotel with several of the most distinguished personages in France, who betrayed their country in their devotion to the monarchy. In 1815 she emigrated with legitimacy, of which she had become one of the firmest pillars, and accompanied it on its return from Ghent. At this period she was presented at Court! Her devotion was now only equalled by her attachment to the good cause. However, a misunderstanding of the most serious nature, which she had with the police, during the Decazes' administration, obliged her one more to disappear from the scene of the world. In 1823 or 1824, Mloda occupied, under a name that no more belonged to her than the one she has just laid down, apartments in the Abbaye aux Bois, where she received, every Wednesday, a select circle of friends.

At the revolution of July she proceeded to Edinburgh, from whence she accompanied the exiled family hither, from one of whom she daily receives a visit. It is said that her royalism is as furious as ever, and that she still retains her ancient predilection for certain little pieces of gold—with this difference, that she is now indifferent whether they be pierced or not, and applies them to a better purpose than that of decorating her raven tresses.

 SONG.

My lady pluck'd a blooming rose
 To plant upon her lily breast,
 It softly closed its crimson leaves,
 And fondly kiss'd its snowy nest :
 The silken leaves were gently stirr'd
 As her soft-heaving bosom shook,
 Like the white plumage of a dove
 That coos beside some breezy brook.
 O! had I been that waving rose
 Which on her angel bosom blush'd,
 And revell'd 'mid those heaving sighs,
 Whose lovely music none hath hush'd ;
 Lived on the pantings of her heart,
 And caught her eye in tranquil rest,—
 Then, like that crimson-waving rose,
 I should have been for ever blest.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

"LOVE AND PRIDE ;"* "Gale MIDDLETON."† Two of our most popular novelists have laid fresh offerings on the huge altar of public entertainment during the month. Such works come opportunely at a season of merry making and general relaxation. Theodore Hook, the author of "Love and Pride," two tales written, as the newspapers say, in the author's very best style, is, of all others, just the man for our moments of festivity, for think as you will before you take his volumes up, you are always sure to laugh before you lay them down. "Love" is the story of a young barrister, who, with four hundred a-year and the prospects of a profession, which as yet has yielded him no business, becomes enamoured of a young lady who has all that can interest and charm, added to what her mother may leave her. Her mother, she is a widow, has an old friend, a retired merchant, one of the family of great Smith's, rich as Rothschild, and as the widow imagines, about to marry herself—but really about to marry her daughter. How the poor girl is coaxed and brow-beaten into this match ; how the briefless barrister pursues her ; how strange mischances and laughable mishaps keep them apart, although he has the advantage of being counselled and assisted by one Twigg, a most diplomatic servant-man, who always leads his master and generally leads him so far right, as getting stowed in a Granville steamer filled with squeaking pigs, instead going on board the Cowes steamer freighted with gentle tourists, may be considered no mistake ; how the girl marries Smith, and Smith dies, and the lovers—for, good souls, they love on notwithstanding the marriage—finally fall into each others arms never more to be parted, at the moment the reader imagines there is no hope for such a consummation—all this and a good deal more that is lively, out of the way and farcical, makes up the story of "Love." "Pride" has more of life and character : it is the history of a Whig Lord Snowdon, a sort of stone model of a cold, proud, selfish, ambitious peer, who has not a thought and feeling for any one but himself. The interest of the tale is admirably sustained by shewing how he plans a marriage for himself and a marriage for his son, and a marriage for his daughter, and to crown all his greatness rats from his party to get himself made Governor General of India, but after all, fails completely in every object he had so heartlessly contrived and pursued while his children are happily settled as their virtues merit and their loves incline.

These tales are in many respects equal, and in none inferior, to any the author has produced. He seems to have written them as soon as thought of, and in the hurry of composition several points are somewhat infelicitously forced for the sake of effect. But if they do not add to, they will at least maintain his reputation at the very high point it has now for years attained. And that reputation it may be

* By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols. Whittaker and Co.

† By the Author of "Brambletye House," 3 vols. R. Bentley.

worth our while to observe, has been won by the pure force of merit in the teeth of some odds and particular disadvantages. The son of a musical composer, who, if he has not raised the style or character of English music, has, at least, contributed many pleasing pieces to the national stock of melody. Theodore Hook first became known as an author by writing for the stage. His first productions, stamped by the same qualities which so peculiarly distinguish every thing that proceeds from his pen, were decidedly successful. In his farces and little two act comedies, there is the same easy and natural way of writing, the same store of quaint puns, together with the same exquisite perception of the weak sides of character, and those ludicrous false positions into which people are falling every day while struggling with might and main for a very different result. But it was not on the stage alone that his fame as a wit became established; in society and at convivial parties no man could often or more happily set the table in a roar. He was sought after and cherished in the best circles, made many high friends, and at last, through their interest, obtained a valuable appointment in one of our colonies. There, however, some pecuniary difficulties caused his return to England after a short absence. His condition now made it necessary that he should again be an author. A Tory in politics, he became by common report, if not the projector, at least the principal contributor to the *John Bull Newspaper*, a periodical which for keen wit, bold satire, and severe libels, was, when first it started, perhaps the most pointed and vehement organ by which literature in this country ever supported an unpopular administration. But the effect was more startling than serviceable. Not long after this, Mr. Hook made his maiden essay as a novel writer in the *First Series of Sayings and Doings*. It will be readily conceived that he had much to contend with. The greater portion of the periodical press then as now was of liberal politics, and therefore but little disposed to hail the advent of one who was generally reputed to have struck harder blows at the great popular leaders of the day than any other contemporary writer. Besides being thus obnoxious to many of the influential critics, a cloud hung over his character, in consequence of several remarks, by no means complimentary to his honour, which were made in the House of Commons, relative to the monied embarrassment which had caused his retirement from office in the Colonies. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the great merits of "*Sayings and Doings*" were directly appreciated, series followed series with unabated popularity, and Mr. Hook established himself as one of the best writers of *Tales* our country has to boast. One great charm of his stories is, that he never seems to go about seeking for incidents to pick up, or studying characters to present to us. He meets with and introduces them to us pleasantly and off hand; they are every day acquaintances but never common place. Other authors may paint elaborately and powerfully, Hook sketches only, but nothing can be truer than the copy he presents to the eye. You recognize the original at once; the performance resembles the pictures presented by the camera obscura, whereby the magic work of a moment, scenes and figures just as we saw them a minute before in nature, are exhibited before us. As to

the pleasure we feel in such works, it lies evidently not in the objects, for they are so familiar that we recognize them at a glance—it is the novelty of having them set before us with such exquisite fidelity on a sheet of paper, that delights us, and proves the genius of the artist.

Almost the only objection urged, with either force or frequency, against Hook's novels, is, that he dwells upon too often, and describes too minutely, those formal trifles and consequential nothings, which rational men would regard less as the vanities of those who are really high bred, than the affectations of others who only pretend to a rank which they are not really entitled to claim. For thus truckling apparently to the impertinent levities of fashionable life, Hook has been sneeringly called the founder of the silver fork school. But there seems to be more pertness than truth in this censure. If individuals are found amongst the great and titled, who, being allowed to set an example in good manners, become the fuglemen of forms, and would make it a mark of distinction that we shall never eat our fish but with a silver fork, and drink sherry to cheese, for no better reason than that our grandfathers drank port with it, the author who undertakes to give an account of the society of the upper ranks, must particularize these creatures and their actions, silly and effeminate though they be. But because the picture of these ceremonious vanities is accurately modelled from the life, shall we swear that the author is necessarily of one and the same mind, in such matters, with the coxcombs he exhibits to us, and perversely prove the excellence of the artist by establishing the want of judgment in the critic? We have many novels which profess to describe high life, and not a few of them are written by lords and fashionable people, but were we called upon to recommend those works which record in the truest light, with the greatest ability, and generally with a very just moral, the faults and follies, the vices and sins of the peerage, aristocracy, and monied interest of England, we should unhesitatingly lay our hands upon the tales of Theodore Hook.

A better founded objection to Hook's novels is, that the groundwork of his story is often so improbable as to be almost unnatural. This happens most frequently in his longer works; and the discrepancy strikes us the more harshly, as his characters are almost invariably such genuine transcripts from the busy world. In Maxwell, for instance, the whole machinery of three volumes depends upon the all but impossible circumstance of a man hung at Newgate for murder, being brought to life again by the surgeon to whom his body was sent for dissection! But at the very time this was published as an event to be depended on, it was notorious to the least instructed reader of Maxwell, that the bodies of criminals sentenced to be anatomized, were always sent to public hospitals, and that the dissection being as much a part of the sentence as the hanging, the sheriff was bound to see it executed, and therefore attended while certain incisions were cut in the chest of the subject. The shipwreck which causes so many changes in the fortunes of the hero of the Parson's Daughter, is of the same extravagant character. When it is notoriously so easy to make a lord, it is a pity a writer so ingenious,

should be obliged to travel out of the common course of things to unmake one.

But if there is a hardness of invention in some of Hook's plots, and a straining after effect in many of his incidents, the fault is liberally set off. His characters, one and all, are the flesh and blood of real life; he walks along the street, or enters a drawing-room, and picks his men and women as they stand out in society. He sees them, hears them speak; and they stand committed to his memory *intus et incute*. Woodfall, the great reporter, used to take his seat in the gallery of the House of Commons, listen to the speeches, go home, drink his grog, get to bed, and next morning put down on paper a more faithful report of all that was said, than the other "gentlemen of the press," who took notes all the while. Some faculty of the same singular kind must belong to Hook. He meets the sort of person he can turn to account, and reads him inside and out in ten minutes. He says, "how do ye do?" and by the time the poor devil has answered "pretty well, I thank ye," Hook has entered his soul and possessed his whole nature. He smiles, dines, and drinks wine with his victim as if nothing had happened, and nothing was meant; smokes his cigar, nods asleep, and next day the "marked man" is in print. In short, Hook is a phenomenon vampire, who seizes men's natures by a species of spiritual imagination, and leaves them nothing the poorer for the abstraction.

"Gale Middleton" is by Horace Smith, an author who in one respect has been one of the most fortunate literary men of his time. His early and lighter productions gained him a reputation which his latter works have not added to, and yet these continue to "go off well," as they say in the Row, in a great measure upon the strength of the favour which the former conciliated. He first became known in letters by the 'Rejected Addresses,' and afterwards by a series of Papers, part poetry and part prose, in Colburn's opposition Magazine, when that Periodical was in its younger and happier days. These Magazine Papers were meant to illustrate and preserve the elegancies and peculiarities of that egregious race of citizens who delight in such euphonious cognomens as Hobbs, Dobbs, Snobbs, &c., and, like the Rejected Addresses, were considered the joint production of Horace, and his brother James, an Attorney-at-Law, and, his profession apart, certainly a right agreeable gentleman. Into the peculiar merit of these effusions it were now irrelevant to enter: they brought money and reputation; and upon the strength of the latter, Horace Smith became a writer of novels upon his sole and separate account. But his labours, and they are not few, in this more independent character, have not been so highly thought of by the critical world. As a man, we believe that he has many virtues; there are strong indications of great goodness of nature and rectitude of mind in his works; but as an author, we apprehend that the judgment is correct which has pronounced him to be generally uninteresting when original, and a copyist when most entertaining. Of the two cases, the latter occurs the oftener, and he is therefore the cherished of the Circulating Libraries, where the literary appetite is generally too voracious to be nice, and where a name, once obtained, endures, perhaps, longer, than in any

other civilized place. Sir Walter Scott has had many imitators, but in nothing has he been so well followed as in the close copy of "Woodstock," which Horace Smith made in "Brambletyre House." In "Gale Middleton" again, which is now before us, Theodore Hook and Bulwer are followed with much earnestness but less felicity; we miss the point of the former, and the fervor of the latter. Sir Matthew Middleton, shipowner, alderman, M. P. and baronet, is a chucky character, à la Hook, while his only son and heir, the good Gale, a radical in politics, an enthusiast in chemistry, and a saint in religion, constitutes one of those ambitious displays which it is easy to imagine that the author of the "Disowned" might have conceived, and made a great deal more of. The capital fault of "Gale Middleton" as a hero, is, that instead of *acting himself*, he is throughout the volume *acted* upon: he is more a witness than an agent in the great cause of which he is announced to be the chief. Almost the only thing he really does in the three volumes which excites our interest, is to go about every now and then kissing a miniature, which he keeps concealed in his bosom, and which the simple reader naturally imagines to be the image of a fair but frail lady who had made him miserable at the University, but which turns out to be only a beautiful picture of the Holy Family, painted by Carlo Dolci—a sad deceit, no doubt, upon all true lovers of the sentimental. Gale, however, has need of pious consolation: as a radical, he is, of course, discontented with all things as they are, and as to religion, being imbued with the cold-hearted creed of the Presbyterians, he can hardly help being melancholy and morose. While doing a deed of charity in the purlieus of Westminster, he is half murdered and half buried alive. The criminals remain undetected, but their agency continues incessant, and poor Gale, after being nearly poisoned at his tea, narrowly escapes death in another midnight encounter with the supposed assassin. At last, an exceedingly goodgirl cures him of his predestinarianism, and is on the eve of becoming his wife, when the villain who has so often attempted his life, is discovered in a cousin, who is also a junior partner in his father's house. A gambler and debauchee, this wretch has also forged enormously, and his misdeeds occasion the bankruptcy of Middleton and Co. But, Gale's never-changing goodness does not desert him:—by mortgaging a small property he possessed, he buys off the banker, who holds his guilty cousin under arrest as a felon, for one of many forged bills of exchange, sends the fellow comfortably abroad with money, while his own broken-down father is going through the Gazette; marries, and then becomes President of a Temperance Society! This complete marring of the catastrophe at the very moment when justice had a true bill to present for a well crammed finale of the dark and dismal will no doubt injure the work at the Circulating Libraries, but the balance of horrors being on the whole decidedly in the author's favour, Mr. Bentley, in all probability, will not have to grumble at the sale.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND ; COMPREHENDING A VARIETY OF STATISTICAL AND OTHER INFORMATION LIKELY TO BE INTERESTING TO THE EMIGRANT. MELVILLE, HOBART TOWN ; AND SMITH AND ELDER. 1833.

THE volume before us presents the singular phenomenon of a work printed and published in Van Dieman's Land, certainly a subject of some novelty. As emigrants, it may perhaps be of little service to us, not entertaining at present any very serious ideas of transporting ourselves either to Van Dieman's Land or elsewhere ; but, as general readers, it can furnish us with very excellent and important information touching the natural history, laws, revenue, trade, state of religion and literature, and colonial regulations of that great and flourishing colony of the British crown of which it treats so ably, and with such apparent sincerity and candour.

The advice to emigrants contained in this book is well worthy the attention of all those who purpose (sad, sad constraint!) to leave their native home in search of employment and the means of life.

It must be borne in mind that the writer is on the spot, and addressing himself to his fellow-countrymen from the very shore to which they are directing their melancholy hopes and prospects.

" 1. Beware of what acquaintances are formed. It sometimes happens that emigrants are thrown, upon arrival, among classes who have formed a jaundiced opinion of every thing around them—of the colony, of its administration, its resources, its general state or condition; and whose chief delight now is in gaining proselytes to their own notions. Whatever information these communicate, will be tinged by the state of their own minds ; and as a general rule, therefore, every thing that so reaches the ear of the emigrant should be received with extreme caution. Equally to be guarded against are another class, or those who always view things in their brightest colours ; for a young colony presents of itself a peculiar field for the man of enterprise and speculation, and if these be nourished by too much encouragement from persons whose acquaintance with the place lends a sanction to their opinions, magnificent schemes are sometimes formed without duly considering the impediments that lie in the way, and which, instead of ever being completed, bring ruin upon the projector.

" 2. Beware of becoming a politician or of belonging to party. An emigrant should leave all things of this sort in the country to which he has bid adieu. He cannot afford to have his mind or his time divided between what his new avocations demand of him and such pursuits as these. Delightful as they may be also, they are perfectly out of place in a young colony, the governing principle of whose inhabitants should be the moral conveyed in the bundle of sticks. Let an emigrant once take a greater interest in cobbling the affairs of government than in cultivating his land, and it requires little of the spirit of prescience to foretel what will be his fate.

" 4. Never forget you are in a country where, for a few years at least, prudence requires that the veil of oblivion should be drawn over many of the comforts, and still more of the luxuries of life, to which, perhaps, you have been accustomed for many years. Whatever may be your circumstances, things of this sort cannot be indulged in for a time without departing from those maxims of prudence which have been already inculcated.

" 4. Be extremely cautious how you are led into making purchases, or
M.M. No. 97. P

forming bargains of any sort. Almost every one you meet will have the best horse, the best cattle, sheep, &c., the island produces, for sale; but let the second best be good enough for you; or rather remember, that there is nothing so good that something else may not be found which will equally answer the purpose; or, again, that it is better sometimes to be without a thing a week than to have it one day too soon."

THE MISCELLANY OF NATURAL HISTORY. VOL. I.—PARROTS.
 BY SIR THOS. DICK LANDER, BART., AND CAPT. THOS. BROWN.
 FRAZER AND CO., EDINBURGH; SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., LONDON, 1833

THIS is a pretty volume, so very pretty to look at, that it seems almost a sin to say any thing against it. And yet praise is out of the question. For instead of being a volume by Sir T. D. Lander and Captain Brown, it is really a volume by Wilson and Auderbon. The freest use has been made of the works of those eminent ornithologists, but without a word of apology: the liberty is neither announced on the title page, nor explained in the preface; but page after page you meet the inverted commas, which are the usual marks of an extract, and, frequently as these occur, we scarcely doubt but that much more is borrowed from the same source, to which even these poor signs of another author's property, are not affixed. If in the rage for cheap publications, and the avidity to gain money by pampering the existing appetite for popular knowledge—a knowledge which may not inaptly be described, both on the part of readers and writers, as being superficial in proportion to its popularity—authors of rank, who ought to be high-minded men, men of character, exhibit examples of wholesale piracy such as this, what may not be expected from the trading bookseller, and the pinched and half-fed scholars, who do the drudgery of authorship? With such a book as, "Vol. I.—PARROTS; OF THE MISCELLANY OF NATURAL HISTORY," before us, we are bound, for the cause of literature and literary men, a cause dear to us and more valuable to the nation than we shall stop to describe—for that cause we are bound to ask Sir Thomas Dick Lander, whether it is fair or honourable thus to get up small, cheap, and attractive volumes, which never would have been even thought of, had not the tempting opportunity existed to condense one-fourth and copy three-fourths, gratis, of their contents from large and costly works, which it almost required a life of labour and travel—a very martyrdom to science—to produce, as well as an outlay of capital which, even in these days of hoarded wealth, cannot be regarded as inconsiderable? This question we do address to Sir T. D. Lander, because on him we trust it will have some effect—we say nothing to Captain Brown, because he has been so long accustomed to this sort of literary larceny, that we suppose old habits in him have become second nature.

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION. BY MARY ROBERTS. 18mo.
 WHITTAKER, AND Co., 1833.

THIS is a well-meant and, as far as science is concerned, a harmless volume, with which we should have been better pleased had its

title being more modest, more correctly indicated the nature and quality of its contents. The conchologist will hardly identify himself with the publication, for it neither gives a history of the science, nor a digest of its elements and laws; he cannot refer to it himself for knowledge, or quote from it as an authority; but he may, notwithstanding, recommend it to those, who though ignorant of the subject, yet desire to learn something more of a shell than meets the eye, and would discover whether an object so beautiful in appearance may not have other and even more striking properties to interest, and also to instruct the mind. From this it appears that the book is not a Companion for Conchologists, but for those who may wish to become acquainted with Conchology. The author has written a series of letters on different species of shells, and given a general account of various specimens, not a classified description of all. The information thus communicated, is taken from standard works; it is not ill-written, and no reader can refuse the author great praise for the laudable anxiety she evinces almost at every page, to impress upon the mind, those great and touching feelings of piety which the evidences of nature will always excite in a well-disposed bosom. Several wood-cuts of shells illustrate the volume—they are fairly executed; but should all have been coloured.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK. 12mo. BALDWIN AND CRADOCK, 1833.

A SEASONABLE volume this, the contents of which fully realize the promise of the title-page. A variety of information, which as the pet phrase now goes, is both useful and entertaining, is arranged under distinct heads, and forms a thick well ordered volume of the essence of many authors, in arts, science, literature, &c. At a period of the year when gifts, whether as the proof of affection or the reward of study, are so common, we know of few presents which could be better chosen for the object indicated, than the "YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RAMBLER, 8vo. SIMKIN AND MARSHALL.

THE author of this volume does not seem to be aware, that all labours of supererogation to be felicitous require great tact and judgment. When a man, as he has done, chooses to advertize himself in particular terms, it behoves him to name himself most accurately. True it is that no one would sell for small beer, if he were to be bought at his own price:—we all know this and settle our accounts with humanity accordingly; but when in addition to the common stock of self-sufficiency, natural to all men and so far excusable in each, we find an individual vainly clothing himself with new and extraordinary pretensions, we arraign him straight at the bar of severe criticism, and if guilty, award the *peine forte et dure*. Thus tried, the author before us we verily believe must be pronounced guilty without a recommendation to mercy. He dubs himself philosophical; but wherein lies his philosophy? his book shows not—rather the reverse. Does he fancy he is a philosopher, because after having

made the circuit of the globe in search of knowledge, and to gratify his own adventurous curiosity, he chose to walk from Dieppe to Naples via Paris, with an old soldier's knapsack strung to his shoulder, and a stick in his hand while he trudged along, and, while he rested, a pen to scribble short notes at every cabaret on the road; astonishingly humble to strangers, who may have been more ignorant than himself, but could hardly have shown less common sense; and stringing together original observations upon the guide-book for the information of us dull stay-at-homes in England. It would become us to call him philosophical out of consideration for comparisons so profound and accurate as that at page 372, where he talks of the "pleasures of his acquaintances in a more honourable position—pleasures that, like the crab-apple, are red at the cheek, but sour at the core;"—or where, at page 72, he observes that Frejus, "formerly a sea-port, though several miles from the sea, offers the singular spectacle of a town deserted by the ocean, like—like what, think good reader?—only *marine shells found on a mountain!* A town by the sea-side like a marine shell on a mountain!—that is a discovery to prove a man a philosopher! But hold, here is a letter and there is a motto to the seal.—*Viam aut inveniam aut faciam*, G B C W. Is that the determined spirit of a knapsack traveller, or the cant of a traveller? Let us judge by the contents:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

THE author of the "PHILOSOPHICAL RAMBLER," begs leave to present a copy of his work to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, and to indicate the following subjects treated of relative to sciences:—

Source of the Malaria of Rome, pag. 196—pag. 282.

Discovery of an extensive Fossil Forest, pag. 197.

Source and Cause of the Sirocco, pag. 234.

New Theory of Volcanoes, pag. 257—pag. 265.

The Fuoco at Pietra Mala, pag. 301.

Origin of Basalt, pag. 345.

Nay, Mr. Traveller, but this is something more than being philosophical—this is good Christian charity. Thus in our ignorance instructed, we shall at last detect hidden merit and be grateful. We acknowledge a condescension so rare, saying to you in choice Catholic Italian *beneditto tu et la terra que tu fara!* What then does page 196 thus courteously "indicated" communicate?—

"Walking on the Monte Pincio one day, I perceived thin and variously composed strata of volcanic dust, developed by the partial cutting away of the hill for the path which ranges on its height; and on examining it in different places, I found it to be entirely formed of a mound of the same volcanic material. It is of a bluish colour, speckled with white spots perfectly calcined, and possesses a strong attraction of humidity. Some that I got several months ago is even now more damp than when taken from the hill, though repeatedly dried by the sun as carried about in my knapsack. This property of the soil of Rome is, in my opinion, the chief source of the malaria, so fatal in its effects here at certain seasons of the year. Its line of distribution marks the limit of its operation, and this circumstance will explain how one side of a street should be notoriously unhealthy, and the other free of any noxious influence. The most heedless observer must frequently have witnessed how speedily the roads in the neighbourhood of Rome dry after

even great torrents of rain. He mistakes much if he thinks this proceeds from evaporation; for the heat of the sun, even in the hottest summer months, could dissipate but little in so short a space of time: it is absorbed by the thirsty nature of the soil; and he may convince himself of the fact, by remarking how permanently moist this is all the year round a few inches under the surface. Heat and moisture, we all know, vivify and disengage the fomites of disease; no wonder, then, that these, acting on the débris of animal and vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, buried for ages, and daily gaining fresh accumulations, should generate pestilential effluvia, and by contaminating the atmosphere of Rome during summer, produce fevers of so fatal a type."

This one extract we think may save us the trouble of further examination, and enable us to form a judgment of our author's pretensions to philosophy and science. This source of cause of malaria is not a little perplexing, according to our Philosophical Rambler. First it is a calcined mound, which, after having been repeatedly dried by the sun in a knapsack, is more damp than when taken from the hill. Then we have the roads formed of this said "damp mound," *so very dry* after torrents of rain, that the most heedless observer must witness it; and lastly, as if to prevent all chance of our escaping from the confusion of a Rambler's science, we are assured that the heat of the sun in the hottest summer could dissipate but little of this wet, were it not absorbed by the thirsty nature of the soil, the great property of which soil be it remembered is that it is naturally so damp that the sun "cannot dry it *even in a knapsack!*" After this clear and learned explanation, if the reader does not understand the "source of the malaria at Rome," we are very sorry; but to borrow a most unphilosophical phrase, there is, we suppose, no help for misfortune. After all there is one hope in which we would fairly indulge—our authormay be a philosopher although we have not had the wit to perceive it. For his sake we are anxious that this may be the case. He has printed and published this volume, we are pretty certain, at his own cost, and having thrown away so much money, the least we can do is to invoke the stars that he may have philosophy enough to bear his loss without cursing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. JAMES B. BERNARD, Fellow of King's College, has in state of forwardness for publication, "Theory of the Constitution, compared with its Practice in Ancient and Modern Times: with an Inquiry how far the late Reform in Parliament is, or is not, consistent with the Principles of the Constitution, either in Theory or Practice."

Dr. LINDLEY is preparing "A Familiar or Popular Introduction to Botany," on the Model of Rousseau's celebrated Letters; illustrated by numerous Plates, which he calls "Ladies' Botany." It may be expected early in February.

Mr. STEWART, Author of the "Epistle from Abelard to Eloise," will, early in 1834, have a Volume, under the Title of "Napoleon's Dying Soliloquy."

The Military, Statistical, Moral, and Political State of Russia in 1833. By an Officer late in the Russian Army. One Volume 8vo. with Map and Plans, is in the Press.

Some Remarks on the Present Studies and Management of Eton School, by a Parent, is just ready for publication.

The Life and Labours of ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., to which will be added an Historical Sketch of the Controversy concerning the Sonship of Christ, particularly as connected with the Proceedings of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, is announced for publication during the present Month. It is said that it will be impartial, and that it will contain several Letters, and parts of Letters which have been suppressed.

Nearly ready, "Taxation and Financial Reform," by R. TORRENS, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. One Vol. 8vo.

The Eleventh Edition of Butter's Etymological Spelling Book and Explicator, now in the Press, will be enlarged by an Appendix, including Observations on Derivation and Terminations, Greek and Latin Nouns, with their original Plurals, Latin and French Words and Phrases and Abbreviations.

In January 1834, will be published, Volume I. to be completed in Five Volumes 8vo illustrated with accurate Maps, of the "Colonies of the British Empire," dedicated, by special permission, to the King. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Volume I. Possessions in Asia.—Volume II. Possessions in the West Indies.—Volume III. Possessions in North America.—Volume IV. Possessions in Africa and Australasia, &c.—Volume V. Possessions in Europe.

The "Lives of British Highwaymen and Pirates." By CHARLES WHITEHEAD. A new "German Grammar and Exercises." By Professor BERNAYS.

The "Principles and Practice of Obstetrics, as at present taught. By JAMES BLUNDELL, M.D. Professor of Obstetrics at Guy's Hospital. To which are added, Notes and Illustrations. By T. CASTLE, F.L.S. Trinity College, Cambridge, &c. The "Study of Astrology or History of the Bones of the Human Body." Illustrated by Five Imperial Folio Plates from Albinus and Chiselden. By T. CASTLE, F.L.S., &c.

An Elementary Work is just published, entitled "The Anti-Spelling Book," a new system of teaching children to read without spelling, accompanied with an Introduction to Parents and Teachers.

"Victor Jacquemont's," the French Naturalist, "Letters from India," are on the eve of publication, describing a Journey in the English Dominions of India and Thibet, the Kingdoms of Lahore and Cashmere, in the Years 1828-33, undertaken by order of the French Government. The work will be accompanied with a Portrait and a new Map of India." The Third Volume of Landseer's Illustrated Edition of the Romance of History is now ready. It completes Neele's Romantic Annals of England, with 21 Illustrations. The illustrations are also issued separately, at a moderate cost for the convenience of those who have purchased former editions of the work.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE last month of the year has seldom much to offer of novelty or variety in country affairs. In our last, the most important business of the season, wheat sowing, was stated as approaching a very general portion to conclusion, which, we now repeat, has with equal success, become definitive to the extent that we have no report of lands standing over for semination, to the new year. The whole seed season and the existing appearance of the wheat above ground, has been and are so rationally satisfactory, both with regard to present and future views, that had the farmers no other causes of dissatisfaction, they would indeed approach as nearly as possible to the attainment of human prosperity, since that can seldom or never happen, independent of some attendant drawbacks.

The appearance of the wheats is eminently satisfactory, since on good and highly productive soils they have a most luxuriant and healthy appearance, wearing a fine burnish of deep green, without the instances being many of the danger of their outrunning and exhausting the roots, in the well known common phrase of winter pride; and with respect to the crops on inferior impoverished or improper sorts, they generally do not disgrace their mother earth, since they exhibit a promise of full as much success as could be rationally and practically expected from them. As to the condition of the lands, rich or poor in their nature, we repeat, for we know not how many times, that it is (shall we say generally?) in so foul and unworkmanlike a state as to reflect foul disgrace on the agriculture of Britain. Such is our intelligence from so many parts of the country, that we can entertain no doubt that the whole is in too great a degree unfortunately implicated. But we will adduce an evidence to the fact, who from high character for ability and practical experience, must be received as altogether unexceptionable. This gentleman writes thus from Berks:—"The backward sown wheats and vetches have grown surprisingly, and should the winter not be too severe, the late sown will be better than that which was sown so early; and more especially if there should not be frost to kill the weeds; for some of the early sown wheat is so exceedingly full of charlock and poppy, and other weeds, that in the spring it will nearly choke up the wheat; and if attempted to be got out it will be a vast expense, as well as a great injury to the growing crops." In fact, it is probably not too much to assert that the damage done to a broad-cast crop by a thorough spring-weeding, is probable to equal that to be expected from the presence of the weeds. All the winter crops, equally with the wheat, exhibit a healthful and luxuriant appearance, giving the best possible proof that the last or autumnal season has agreed perfectly well with them. The old report is fully confirmed with regard to turnips, mangel-wurtzel and potatoes. These crops have generally failed. The turnips are thin on the land, light and small in size, and—that which is indeed an uncommon occurrence—the Swedes have succeeded best, both as to size and substance. The mangel is described not only as a lost crop, but as an article getting out of repute in the country; on this point then, the opinion of the London cowkeepers is at issue with that of the country feeders, since the former assert that mangel wurtzel is the best cow food, most productive of milk, and of milk that will keep longest in the dog-days, that has ever been introduced into England. The autumnal grass has proved an excellent and lasting crop, and it is said of more substance and power of nutrition than usual at this season; since, notwithstanding the showery weather we have had, the lands have been by no means inordinately sodden and impoverished. Thus the short crop of hay has been most profitably spared, the stock finding even to the present time plenty of keep abroad. When this supply shall become exhausted, an event to be daily looked for, hay, however short in quantity and valuable, must come into request, yet obviously with the need of all possible economy; as one mode of which may be recommended Mr. Laurence's old method of stacking oat straw and hay in alternate layers. The lands generally are said to be either laid up in sufficient forwardness, or fallowing at present for the operations of spring.

Of live stock, sheep and mutton have certainly not escaped that exorbitancy of price which was apprehended in the breaking out and continuance of the rot, yet prices are no doubt sufficiently high; but should we be so fortunate as to escape a return of the rot, two more lambing seasons will recruit our stock. Beef has been of moderate price, our times considered, for the Christmas markets, and much of it of real fine quality. Pork, at least the best of it, in the London markets, maintains a high figure in price, considering the vast depression of the pig markets in the country, conse-

quently on the overwhelming imports from Ireland, where they certainly, of late years, have much improved their breed, both in form and quality. They continue to write from the country of the immense bearing of apples, though it was stated early in the autumn, that half the crop was in a few days and nights blown off the trees. The great crop however remaining, affords cheerful views for cider drinkers, their favourite beverage being now on sale in the cider countries, at 4d. to 6d. per gallon, rich and most excellent in quality. It is further asserted that no season during the last fifty years, has equalled the late, for the quantity and excellence of the fruit.

The London cattle shew has passed this year with the full of its accustomed *éclat*, in regard to number and excellence of stock and the number of visitors. Its funds too, are boasted of, as in an affluent state. The noble Lord Althorp continues his patronage to this institution, although nearly all its numerous titled frequenters, in former days of agricultural prosperity, have long since deserted it. The wool trade, heretofore so much and so long depressed, since its revival has continued to prosper, and the sales of foreign wool in London have made clearances at most satisfactory prices to the sellers. Of the vast number of farms given up or the tenants ejected, and of much of the land actually left uncultivated, we are not prepared to speak at present: this must have a fearful increase. Horrible *incendiarism* yet defiles the columns of our newspapers. On this national disgrace, we never could, from the first, restrain our indignation and contempt—we have heard this transcendent and most bootless wickedness palliated, even encouraged! and we insist it took courage and increased from such immoral and contemptible encouragement. Pitiabie and disgraceful negligence and cowardice have completed the catastrophe. Why slumber ye, over such a precipice, GREY, BROUGHAM, ALTHORP? Ye, who have encountered and successfully, so many political perils.

The dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone, of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 8d. Mutton, 2s. 6d. to 4s. Veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. Pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. Trade dull and declining.

Corn Exchange—Wheat, 36s. to 59s. Barley, 24s. to 32s. Oats, 16s. to 22s. Hay, 48s. to 84s. Clover ditto, 75s. to 95s. Straw, 25s. to 32s.

Coal Exchange—Coals in the Pool, 14s. to 19s. 6d. per ton, delivered to the consumer, at an additional expence of 9s. to 12s. per ton.

Game at Leadenhall Market—Grouse season over. Pheasants, 3s. each, birds 4s. 6d. a brace. Hares, Scotch, 2s. 6d. English, 4s. to 4s. 6d. each. Wild ducks, foreign, 6s. English, 6s. to 7s. the couple. Widgeons, 4s. 6d. Teal, 4s. the couple. Woodcocks, very scarce, 10s. and Snipes, 5s. the couple. Wild rabbits, 14s. to 16s. a dozen. Turkeys particularly fine, full market and brisk trade, three weighing 91lbs. returned three guineas each—and one, eighteen months old, weighed 32lbs. made the same price. The Christmas markets were well supplied, and both turkeys and other good poultry were sold at reasonable times' prices.

Middlesex, Dec. 23, 1833.